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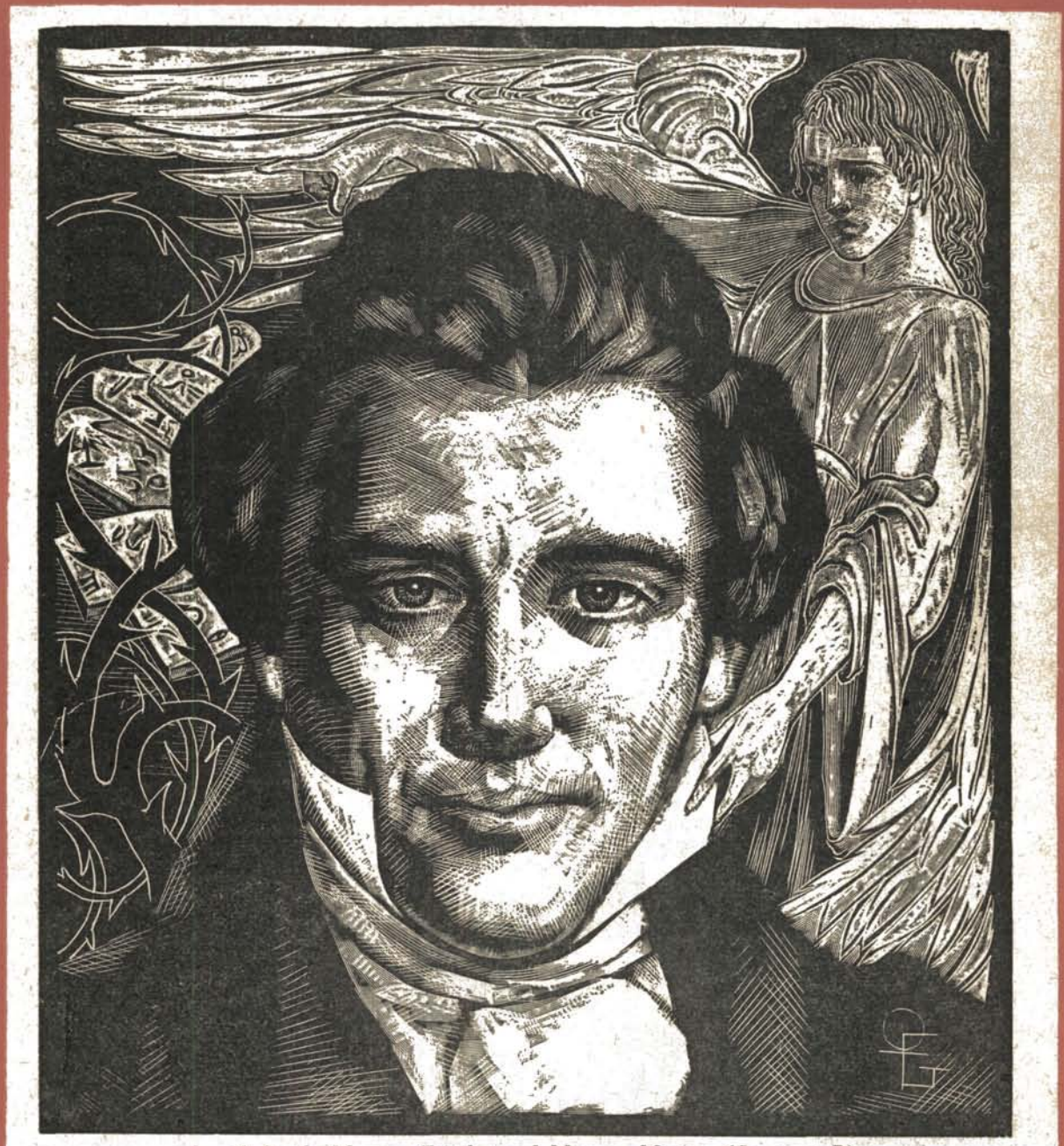

Joseph Smith, Mormon Prophet and Mormon Martyr. *(See page 7)*

Desert Island Reading on Formosa

By BRIG. GEN. CLINTON A. PIERCE

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BY JOHN GOULD
FARMER TAKES A WIFE

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Ruritania revisited

"ONE DAY—it was the 28th of November 1893—I was walking back from the Westminster County Court (where I had won my case) to the Temple when the idea of 'Ruritania' came into my head. Arrived at my chambers, I reviewed it over a pipe, and the next day I wrote the first chapter. Though sometimes interrupted by law work, I sat tight at the story . . . I was only once seriously 'stuck up'; I seemed to have got 'The Prisoner' so tightly shut up in 'Zenda' that it was impossible to get him out of it."

Thus wrote Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins in his memoirs about five years before his death in 1933. THE PRISONER OF ZENDA was not his first novel, and in one month, by December 29th, it was finished. In 1894, it was published in both England and America, and became an instant and tremendous success. The 4th of July, 1894, was Independence Day for the writer known as Anthony Hope. That day he gave up his law work, moved out of his rooms in the Temple and turned his author's eye on the "gaudy assembly of romantic characters in a mythical kingdom which he envisaged as Ruritania".

Anthony Hope was never quite certain just what quality in his writing intrigued the public so greatly. He suggested that "popular fancy liked royalty and red hair; the former was always safe, the latter had a touch of novelty". In 1894, the literary world in London saw the publication of the first volume of Skeats' COMPLETE WORKS OF CHAUCER and George Moore's ESTHER WATERS. The literary news notes mention the unveiling of a memorial to Jenny Lind, the fact that "the Austrian Chamber of Deputies ratified the convention between Austria-Hungary and this country respecting literary copyright", and report that a played called GENTLEMAN JACK with James J. Corbett opened at the Drury Lane, commenting that "it is to the credit of two English actresses that they declined to take part in the entertainment".

By now the very names of Rudolf Rassendyll, Princess Flavia, and Rupert of Hentzau conjure up a flash of swords, the leaping of moats, and the loving sighs of brave true hearts filled with noblesse oblige. We took home a copy of THE PRISONER (printing of July 1945) fully expecting that sterner realities would have dulled our delight in its racy costume drama. But no. Who can resist a story-teller of wit and grace who says his parents had no right to leave him two thousand pounds a year and a roving disposition? And then that hint of the Elphberg red hair, the Elphberg nose, both of which occasionally crop out in the stately homes of England because a king of Ruritania in 1733 loved an English maiden not wisely but too well. So we are off with Rassendyll to Ruritania for the coronation of Rudolf V, discreetly following the beautiful Mademoiselle Antoinette de Maubin, learning of Black Michael (was ever villain better named?), and meeting unconcealed stares at the border of the fantastic Balkan kingdom of Ruritania.

The appeal of THE PRISONER OF ZENDA has survived the years. On Anthony Hope's death in 1933, many facts about the novels were recalled: they were still in public libraries on two continents then, and are still there unless, in Europe, Ruritania was consigned to the flames by a less-widely loved ruler than Rudolf. The series has been translated into nearly all languages on earth. When RUPERT OF HENTZAU, the sequel, appeared, it was published serially and simultaneously in McClure's in the United States and Pall Mall Magazine in England.

Even up to V-year 1945 its appeal lasted, for the 1937 movie, a sepia jewel starring Ronald Colman, Madeleine Carroll, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., and Raymond Massey, was reissued and shown at neighborhood houses in the realistic metropolis of New York. The conception of Rudolf and his cousin has changed of course. In 1913 it was James K. Hackett; in 1922 it was Ramon Navarro. Ah, what have the bobby-soxers missed!

The book itself is in 48 of 54 branches of the New York Public Library, as of June 1944, but even its 1894 reviews ring timely in our ears. Said the Sewanee Review, "in spite of all its medieval flavor, THE PRISONER OF ZENDA has about it the hurry of the day". Said The Athenæum, "told with all that swish of emotion which accounts for nearly all the success of the great story-tellers like Scott and Dumas"

In an editorial entitled "The Ruritanian", two days after Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins died, the New York *Times* wrote that "in Anthony Hope one used to find wit, gayety, brightness, cleverness. Were they as marked as one thought? Who knows or cares? The romantic temper will not be lost for all the comminations of superior souls . . . Men like Anthony Hope build for us a palace of pleasures, rest our spirits in some forest of Arden, guide us through a paradise of dainty devices. Let us not be poor in our thanks to this old friend."

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA has never been out of print. We hope it never will be.

The Prisoner of Zenda

by ANTHONY HOPE
$2.00

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Desert Island Reading on Formosa

A Repatriated Prisoner of War Recounts the Cultural Side of His Captivity

BRIG. GEN. CLINTON A. PIERCE

SOME of us who left Bataan and Corregidor as prisoners of war ended up our captivity on the island which Dutch explorers named "Ihla Formosa"—the beautiful isle.

It was not beautiful to us.

"Stone walls do not a prison make," said the poet, "nor iron bars a cage." But our *kangkoku* on Formosa was decidedly a cage. It was like spending three years in the monkey house in the Zoo, guarded by some of the larger anthropoids.

Imagine yourself locked up by gorillas and orang-outangs armed with tommy-guns, and you will have a correct idea.

Our guards were like Kipling's Banderlog. They gave orders only to countermand them. They rejoiced in having American prisoners but were ashamed of prison guard duty. They could be comical and brutal, impressive and excited, at unpredictable intervals on the same day.

They were anxious to be considered soldierly and serious, but had a strong impulse to play unmentionable practical jokes. They marched us out to work, almost naked, in the peanut fields; which was fair enough, as Japan never signed the Geneva Convention which prescribes that officer prisoners shall not be worked. But once in the fields, their attention would wander from the work in progress. They would slap us for any reason, or none.

Being cut off from all normal activities, our great solace was reading. In the Shidehara Prison Camp on Formosa, where we were kept for fifteen months, we found 2,000 volumes, an excellent number for around 600 prisoners. These were books captured at Singapore and Hong Kong, and sent by the Japanese YMCA.

The writer would have settled down at once to do some badly needed reading and studying, except for a monkey-trick played by a guard. Slapping my face, he knocked off my glasses. With a grunt of satisfaction, he ground them into bits with his heel.

For distant vision, my eyes have always been good. But I have for years been unable to read ordinary print without glasses. So the loss of my only pair was a real catastrophe to me.

The 2,000 books were there, and most of my fellow prisoners were enjoying them. To mope around without reading was unthinkable. Brig. Gen. James R. N. Weaver lent me a pair, but they gave me bad headaches. Col. James O. Gillespie measured me for glasses, using the primitive Japanese "peep board," but the result proved worse than nothing.

Finally, I determined to learn to read without glasses, and it worked. There was no miracle about this, nor could it be done just by will-power. At fifty, the process of reëducating one's eyesight takes patience. It involves about the same effort needed to perform ordinary sleight-of-hand tricks, or to wiggle your ears. You can learn to do these things, if you wish, but they hardly seem worth while.

Eyesight is precious, however, and doubly so when you are isolated with no radio and none of your usual social contacts, like castaways on a desert island. To ask one of my brother officers to read to me, long hours daily, would have been an imposition. So I went through a long, self-administered course of learning to read without glasses.

The details can be found in "The Art of Seeing," by Aldous Huxley. The essence of it is that if you have no eye disease, and if your eyes have not been hopelessly injured by an explosion or the like, you can train the tiny muscles which hold your eyeballs in correct shape.

The muscles, like your ear-wagging muscles, are there. Most of us, no doubt, are too lazy to exercise and control them. It is easier to buy spectacles or magnifying glasses as needed.

AFTER six months I was reading very comfortably without glasses. To be sure, I read only a few pages at a time, and always in a good light, taking rests and meditating on what I had just read. But that is the only way to get all the juice out of any book.

Readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature* may be interested to know what books proved most interesting to a group of elderly—well, late middle-aged—men under conditions where we had plenty of chances to pick and choose. Herewith is shown a list of the twenty-five best out of our 2,000. They may not be exactly the books you would "take to a desert island" yourself, but what *would* you take?

Remember, you are reading under conditions of extreme isolation, worry, and strain. If you were like us, you would select books that could sustain interest over a long period, not quickies which cannot satisfy. Many of us lost our taste for whodunits, light novels, love stuff, and modern adventure stories. Probably we had been through all the adventures we could take. Our taste was for serious reading. I have stressed that fact in a report made for the Information and Education *Digest* of the United States Army.

Galsworthy gave me a real idea of life in England thirty or more years ago. I read him slowly, admiring his passion for justice, and his silk-smooth style. Aldous Huxley is more

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modern, crankier, but has interesting things to say. Such writing sticks in your mind. It gives you something to think about when you are sweltering through a tropical night with no mosquito net, lotion, or smudge.

David Grayson is a sort of American Galsworthy—no plot, but a series of sympathetic sketches of life in our country.

"Count Belisarius," by Robert Graves, was naturally of interest to soldiers. While melodramatic, it was far enough back in history to be an escape for us. So was "Fort in the Forest," by Hervey Allen. Better still were "The Black Arrow" and "The Master of Ballantrae," by Robert Louis Stevenson, a magician with words. Read him slowly, and you'll see. It is curious, perhaps, that Stevenson's verse—except "Requiem" and "A Child's Garden"—seemed rather watery and unsatisfying stuff.

"Mathematics for the Million," by Lancelot Hogben, rates top rank anywhere, especially to an artillery commander who lives by mathematics until his last round has been fired. But this book is loaded with sound philosophy, too.

Up with this book we rated Albert E. Wiggam's "New Decalogue of Science," and "Return to Religion," by Henry E. Link. Those are all the triple-starred (superior) books on our list. The two-starred (excellent) and one-starred (very satisfactory) titles need little specific comment.

But it might be added that "Smoky," by Will James, and "Lassie Come Home," by Major Eric Knight, are fine animal stories. They reminded us vividly of our love for horses and dogs, while imprisoned by people who care and do so little for dumb animals.

Dostoievsky's two classics fell flatter than I had expected, never having read them before. He was a genius, surely, but a morose, unhappy one whose writing seemed to lack cohesion, and to jump all over the place.

These ratings, remember, are a consensus by a group of professional soldiers, not literary by inclination or training, but our tastes probably represent the standing Army as it was, and will be. They may have some value in selecting Army books for remote stations.

Formal education was our greatest recourse to pass the time. We knew that the Army, under General Marshall's superb leadership, was enlarging its scanty information-education facilities. But Corregidor fell in May 1942, when the present Information-Education Division was scarcely a gleam in the War Department's eye. We ex-prisoners are astounded to learn that more than 1,200,000 service men, from recruits to generals, have signed up for mail courses, off-duty classes, and other forms of cultural or vocational education.

That is all to the good. Experience in our Japanese prison camp proved to us how utterly necessary are such classes in all remote installations, if only to keep the mind active and under control. A reasonable amount of reading is fine. But too much solitary reading, without recitations and quizzes, is a vice. It rots the mind.

We formed classes, and came out with two languages learned. Japanese came first, because studying "foreign" languages was prohibited in 1942 and 1943. We had the merest smattering of Japanese when captured, but got so that we now can talk fairly well. It is regrettable that we had no opportunity to study *Kanji*, the written language, with its interesting ideographs. For that you need a patient instructor, and the guards were not there to do us any favors, nor were they the kind who knew much about reading and writing.

In French, we had a grand instructor, Col. Donovan Swanton, who had taught it at West Point. We had excellent grammars and texts, and really went to town.

In Frase & Squair's "Ontario High School French Grammar," evidently captured from the Canadians at Hong Kong, I found the names of two former students—Miss Irene Carmone and Miss Agnes Butto. If these young students care to send their addresses, Mrs. Pierce and I will send them little souvenirs from Japan. They may be glad to know that the same book they studied in school was so useful, in far-off Asia, to many of their American Allies in the war.

THAT is the story of our prison-made Information and Education program in *kangkoku*. From the war information side, it was a failure. The guards fed us rumors. We had no radio receivers, and could not get even the Domei communiqués, some of which we understand were fairly accurate, and some grotesquely distorted.

We saw no movies. At odd times we received the *Nippon Times* and the *Osaki Mainichi*, six weeks late.

Pencils, fountain pens, and note books could be purchased. Letter writing was heavily restricted, but at least one of us, Brig. Gen. L. C. Beebe, wrote a book about Bataan.

Take it from one who has tried it, at Shidehara and other less "civilized" Japanese camps. Low feeding gives you beri-beri in your body, and something much like it takes root in your mind. You feel the same emptiness and pain that you feel in your stomach if you are cut off from your normal sources of information, education, and entertainment.

That is why Army information-education programs are going to be increasingly valuable to our far-flung troops as time goes on. While America sends her lads—even lads of fifty—to remote outposts for the security of every man, woman, and child in the United States, then you must send them adequate provisions, not just for their bodies but their minds.

Twenty-Five "Best" Books for Desert Island Reading

Out of an available supply of 2,000 volumes, American prisoners of war on Formosa selected these as the titles that entertained and solaced them most, according to Brig. Gen. Clinton A. Pierce, himself recently repatriated. General Pierce commanded successively the 26th Cavalry, Philippine Scouts, and the 71st Division, Philippine Army, in the fighting on Bataan and Corregidor. In the following list the first nine titles were rated superior, the next seven excellent, and the last nine very satisfactory.

"Maid in Waiting"	*John Galsworthy*
"Flowering Wilderness"	*John Galsworthy*
"One More River"	*John Galsworthy*
"Mathematics for the Million"	*Lancelot Hogben*
"Return to Religion"	*Henry E. Link*
"The Master of Ballantrae"	*Robert Louis Stevenson*
"The Black Arrow"	*Robert Louis Stevenson*
"Count Belisarius"	*Robert Graves*
"New Decalogue of Science"	*Albert E. Wiggam*
"The House of Exile"	*Nora Waln*
"Along the Road"	*Aldous Huxley*
"Ends and Means"	*Aldous Huxley*
"The Fort in the Forest"	*Hervey Allen*
"Adventures in Contentment"	*David Grayson*
"Now It Can Be Told"	*Philip Gibbs*
"Sans Famille"	*H. H. Malot*
"Crime and Punishment"	*Feodor Dostoievsky*
"The Idiot"	*Feodor Dostoievsky*
"The Red Pony"	*John Steinbeck*
"Lassie Come Home"	*Eric Knight*
"The Temple of Costly Expenses"	*Daniel Vare*
"The Maker of Heavenly Trousers"	*Daniel Vare*
"The Gate of the Happy Sparrows"	*Daniel Vare*
"Collected Verse"	*Robert Louis Stevenson*
"Smoky"	*Will James*

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A Prophet and His Legend

NO MAN KNOWS MY HISTORY: The Life of Joseph Smith the Mormon Prophet. By Fawn M. Brodie. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 476 pp. and index. $4.

Reviewed by DALE L. MORGAN

AS with his contemporary, Abraham Lincoln, and to even more marked degree, there is about the life of Joseph Smith extraordinary difficulty in getting at the man himself inside the encrustation of legend. Apotheosis has been the lot of each man, but in the case of the Mormon prophet something exactly akin to deification has been at work. Vilification of him has largely disappeared with his generation, while among his followers faith and the will to believe have worked upon his memory, expurgating his history of the grotesque, the absurd, or the merely inconvenient, softening his faults, and investing his character with a sweet serenity and an infinite love—a being who withstood the devil and all his archangels and died a martyr.

Nor is the task of searching out the man inside this temple of belief the only difficulty confronting a biographer. The life of Joseph Smith was an outrageous melodrama any playwright would tremble at placing on a stage, yet at the heart of this melodrama was a character infinitely complex and steadily enigmatic. Joseph Smith was a man who wrote largely about himself, yet revealed himself almost in nothing, and a man, moreover, of abundantly contradictory interests, motivations, and ambitions. He became the most celebrated of modern prophets, and revised his history accordingly; his followers have gone on revising it to suit their needs and tastes, and his enemies have contributed their full quota of obfuscation. Between the suppression and the manufacture of fact, it is not strange that it has required a hundred years for the writing of a definitive biography.

In "No Man Knows My History," Fawn M. Brodie has taken up the challenge Joseph Smith himself laid down in a sermon to his people two months before his death: *"You don't know me; you never knew my heart. No man knows my history. I cannot tell it; I shall never undertake it. I don't blame anyone for not believing my history. If I had not experienced what I have, I could not have believed it myself."* Mrs. Brodie has pursued that history through quiet country towns in Vermont, New York, and Pennsylvania, through religious revivals, land booms, and panics, through civil wars and "mobbings and drivings" across the breadth of the Mississippi Valley, and through temples, courtrooms, bedrooms, and jails to its violent end in a little town in Illinois.

Joseph Smith's story is all he says of it—so fundamentally incredible that notwithstanding the million present-day Mormons and the stupendous literature about him, one is sometimes persuaded that no such person ever existed. But in Mrs. Brodie's book an eminently human and entirely understandable being stares into peepstones, communes with God, kicks the tax collector the length of his walk, rebukes the powers of his time, drinks with

the boys, marries some fifty wives, parades with the Nauvoo Legion, and has his people distinctly to understand that a prophet is a prophet only while he is working at the job. The result is the finest job of scholarship yet done in Mormon history and perhaps the outstanding biography in several years—a book distinguished in the range and originality of its research, the informed and searching objectivity of its viewpoint, the richness and suppleness of its prose, and its narrative power.

It is with wit and vigor and learning that Mrs. Brodie has reëxamined some of the most cherished and most fundamental conceptions of Mormon history, the first sober application of modern techniques and criteria of research to a history fiercely irreconcilable in its details and overlaid with both passion and duplicity. The story of Joseph's intercourse with God in the coming-forth of the Book of Mormon she pictures as essentially an afterthought on the part of the Prophet, and hers is a fresh point of view which will give pause to scholars in and out of the several Mormon churches. The Book of Mormon itself she subjects to a remarkably original analysis of its character, its content, and the sources of its ideas; in her hands it emerges as a work of imaginative creation by a variously gifted young man, a work which began as a simple speculation and ended as the touchstone of a new religion to which its author had become committed. Though this theory is not new, its implementation is.

If the Spaulding theory relative to the origin of the Book of Mormon has retained any adherents in the face of forceful criticisms by B. H. Roberts on the one side and Bernard DeVoto on the other, the appendix Mrs. Brodie devotes to this subject should lay that theory to rest once and for all. But Mrs. Brodie's demolitions have been carried still further: those who have accepted Mr. DeVoto's persuasive theory that Joseph Smith was a paranoid will find no comfort at all in this book. That theory rests initially upon an acceptance of the historicity of Joseph Smith's own account of his visions, and it will be quite an undertaking for scholars to reëstablish the authenticity of those visions in the light of Mrs. Brodie's exploration of the facts; moreover, Mrs. Brodie's skilful integration of Joseph Smith with the turbulent times in which he lived, together with the surgical job she has performed in laying open the quality and character of his personality, does not encourage the thesis that Joseph's was a personality for which death barely intervened upon complete disintegration.

Having faced up to the hard fact that Joseph Smith must have been initially a conscious fraud and imposter, Mrs. Brodie is not so undiscerning as to leave the question there. Joseph's capacity for fantasy was entirely adequate to persuade him ultimately of the actuality of his own pretensions; though Mrs. Brodie thinks it doubtful if he ever escaped "the memory of the conscious artifice that went into the Book of Mormon," no one can explore his history without reaching the conviction that he came to believe utterly in the role to which destiny led him.

Mrs. Brodie's point of view is essentially sympathetic throughout, yet, as her publishers say, "inexorably searching as to the facts and the probabilities." A constant flood of light is thrown on Joseph and his church, an illumination that penetrates to the obscurest corners of their joint history and lights up details at which other historians have fumbled ineffectually. Of particular importance is her investigation of the origins of polygamy, culminating in an amazing appendix documenting the Prophet's relations

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with almost fifty wives—a total which will doubtless shock even the better informed among the Mormons themselves. Nor has she been nonplused by the stand of the Reorganized Church, which has hitherto stood uncontradicted in its claim that Joseph had no children by plural wives (and therefore could have had no plural wives), although from the nature of the facts no absolute determination can be made. And with all these solid merits, the biography has the pace and sweep, the bizarre incidents, and impelling suspense of the most extravagant historical novel, and its violent climax under the walls of Carthage jail has all the power and emotional impact of a personal experience.

Some criticisms suggest themselves. Perhaps the spotlight is too insistently kept on Joseph, and it is questionable whether quite so searchingly sympathetic a viewpoint has operated in the analysis of the lesser persons who figure in the drama. Mrs. Brodie is less inclined to recognize the chiaroscuro of character with these others than with Joseph and Emma Smith. Inadequate attention also may have been given to the developments of those in the church who upon Joseph's death took hold upon power with a firm grasp and "carried off the kingdom" with a strength and decision that could hardly have been foreseen. In the interests of narrative sweep, again, Mrs. Brodie selects her thread of fact without always indicating the complexity of the possibilities; there are more difficult problems about both the selection and the assessment of fact than is always clear from the text. And, finally, it may be said that in summing up the Prophet's life, what he was, what he stood for, what he accomplished, and what his legacy was and is, Mrs. Brodie's judgment may be subject to both a kinder and a far more rangingly objective reinterpretation.

When all reservations have been made, however, "No Man Knows My History" stacks up as almost certainly the definitive treatment of its subject. At the very least it is the book that had to be written before a finally authoritative biography could be written. It is not to be expected that members of the Mormon churches will accept the biography as either final or authoritative, striking as it does at the very sources of their faith. But if their feelings are to have any weight outside their own sentiments, they will have to unearth from their archives facts to modify or to contravene Mrs. Brodie's conclusions. Thus her book is going to serve a valuable function as a benchmark and a corrective in Mormon scholarship. "No Man Knows My History," altogether, is an extremely difficult and important job, well done.

The Craft of Poetry

AN ESSAY ON RIME. By Karl Shapiro. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1945. 69 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE SPENCER

MR. KARL SHAPIRO is in a difficult position. Various critics or camp-followers of contemporary poetry, in their anxiety to proclaim a distinguished talent and to discover a native Auden, have pushed him rapidly—too rapidly—into the foreground of the American poetic scene; his publishers have capitalized on the distinctions his two previous volumes have, on the whole deservedly, won, and he has now allowed himself to be persuaded to print a work which, in spite of all that may be said in its favor, is not really ripe for publication.

From every point of view it is entirely admirable that an American poet, temporarily a soldier stationed in the Pacific, should spend his time writing about the craft of poetry. Nor, regardless of circumstances, is there anything intrinsically wrong in making the problems of poetry themselves the subject matter of a poem. Horace, Boileau, and Pope all did it, and did it very well. But in doing it they gave to the poet one very important warning: before you publish, they said, "keep your piece nine years."

If Mr. Shapiro had followed this advice (in our time an almost impossibly difficult thing to do) the present engaging but immature volume would be quite different from what it is. Much of its content he would have kept to himself or saved for conversations with his friends or transmuted into a vision of reality. As it is, he may have done himself serious harm by writing around reality instead of creating it; he describes and discourses instead of evoking, and unlike his predecessors in the art of the verse-essay, he employs a technique which is loose, relaxed, unbuttoned, when it should be an illustration, according to the rightly established precedent, of the concise and difficult art which is its subject.

Mr. Shapiro's defenders may say that precision and neatness are out of date; they do not belong to our bewildered generation; the ordered couplets and concise precepts of Boileau and Pope are anachronisms in a society whose John the Baptist is John Dewey and whose Jesus is everyone who listens to the radio. Poetry *should* be discursive, irregular, unformalized.

Of course that is partly true. The literal technique of neo-classicism is today obviously out of place; artful alexandrines and balanced couplets do not belong to a society that calls itself classless. But this does not mean that

Karl Shapiro "has allowed himself to be persuaded to print a work which is not really ripe for publication."

prose is the same thing as poetry, or that poetry has no rules, or that exposition is the same thing as evocation. In fact we are, at the present time, uncommonly aware of the difference between the poetic and the prose use of words, we have standards in these matters (though we may not have standards in versification) that are as strict, and at least as searching, as the standards represented by Boileau and Pope.

In theory Mr. Shapiro recognizes this fact. He tells us that his intention is

> To use
> Language emotionally and not as number.

But, particularly in the first section of his poem, he frequently forgets all about this intention. I quote (and I do so in the prose which is its essence) a passage describing the early Imagists:

> Constraint was not the principle, and long before their manifesto laid the law down, certain purely transitional phases set up as separate guilds, at least several of which had serious influence and prestige which has [sic] not as yet decreased.

Surely no reader, coming across such a passage for the first time, would imagine that it had been originally composed as blank verse.

Mr. Shapiro's essay is a study in confusion, a confusion which he divides into three sections: The Confusion in Prosody, The Confusion in Language, and The Confusion in Belief. If I have so far criticized his work adversely, it is primarily with reference to the first of these sections, where the confusion is not only in the subject matter but in the mind of Mr. Shapiro. Prosody

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just is *not* (except in the exemplifying or onomatopoeic sense illustrated by Pope, and occasionally by Mr. Shapiro himself) a subject for poetry. It is a subject for a textbook. But Mr. Shapiro does not think so:

> Grammars of rime, describing the inflection
> Of English speech, sometimes refer to "rising
> Rhythm," a phrase convenient as a clef.
> Analyzing the term it comes to mean
> Not pitch or quantity or both.

Is that poetry? Or is the dangling participle grammar?

There is similar confusion in much of the content of this first section, even on the textbook level. For example, Mr. Shapiro makes a sharp distinction between scansion by "count of eye" and scansion by "count of ear." To him "Paradise Lost" is the great illustration of scansion by count of eye; ballads and the songs of Shakespeare, even Shakespeare's blank verse, illustrate the count of ear, as do the choruses of "Samson Agonistes." But this is a very artificial distinction; who has ever been able to scan the first line of "Paradise Lost" by count of eye? And what real use is this eye-ear dichotomy to a poet? It is largely academic, and Mr. Shapiro, throughout this first section, is almost touchingly reverent to the academic prosodists—Lanier, Bridges, and Saintsbury—who have awed him into taking them too seriously. He knows better himself, if he'd trust his own judgment:

> in five hundred years of noble rime
> Not one large work of prosody appears
> Or is considered requisite to the art.

But instead of recognizing the implication of this fact, as even the prose prosodists often do, Mr. Shapiro worries about prosodic theories as if he were not a poet at all.

When Mr. Shapiro (I am still referring to the first section of his poem) discusses individual poets, he is frequently perceptive and illuminating, sometimes entertainingly epigrammatic. But even here there is confusion. He is concerned with the apparent breakdown of the distinction between poetry and prose, and in discussing this point he writes at length, and eloquently, about Joyce's "Ulysses": to him it is

> a force
> As great as any in rime's present course.

That it is so (a debatable point, for Joyce is an inspiration to *any* writer) seems to him to illustrate one of the main dilemmas of the modern poet. But his attitude towards this breakdown is ambiguous. At one moment he seems

(*Continued on page* 34)

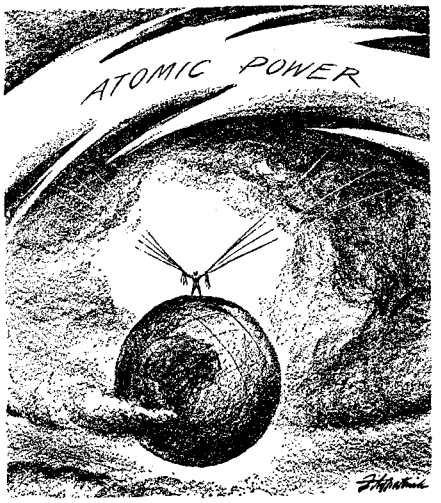
The Atomic Age

ATOMIC WEAPONS AND THE CRISIS IN SCIENCE

Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the author of the following article, is a member of the faculty of California Institute of Technology and the University of California. He headed the Los Alamos group of scientists who developed the atomic bomb.

WHAT you have good reason to wish me to write about, what circumstances have perhaps qualified me to discuss with you on the basis of experience, is how to make atomic weapons. It is true, as we have so often and so earnestly said, that in the scientific studies which we had to carry out at Los Alamos, in the practical arts there developed, there was little of fundamental discovery, there was no great new insight into the nature of the physical world. But we had many surprises; we learned a good many things about atomic nuclei, and many more about the behavior of matter under extreme and unfamiliar conditions; and not too few of the undertakings were in their quality and style worthy of the best traditions of physical science. It would not be a dull story; it is being recorded in a handbook of fifteen volumes, much of which we think will be of interest to scientists, even if they are not by profession makers of atomic bombs. It would be a pleasure to tell you a little about it. It would be a pleasure to help you to share our pride in the adequacy and the soundness of the physical science, of our common heritage, that went into this weapon, that proved itself last summer in the New Mexico desert.

That would not be a dull story, but it is not one that I can tell today. It would be too dangerous to tell that story. That is what the President, on behalf of the people of the United States, has told us. That is what many of us, were we forced ourselves to make the decision, might well conclude. What has come upon us, that the insight, the knowledge, the power of physical science, to the cultivation of which, to the learning and teaching of which we are dedicated, has become too dangerous to be written of, even in these pages? It is that question that faces us now, that goes to the root of what science is and what its value is; it is to that question to which tentatively, partially, and with a profound sense of its difficulty and my own inadequacy, I must try to write today.



—*Fitzgerald in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Little Man, Where To?

It is not a familiar question to us in these late days. It is not a familiar situation. If it seems to bear analogy to that raised by other weapons—to the need for a certain secrecy, let us say, in the discussion of howitzers or torpedoes—that analogy will mislead us. There are some accidents in this situation, some things that may in the large light of history seem contingent. Atomic weapons are based on things that are in the very frontier of physics; their development is inextricably entangled with the growth of physics, as in all probability with that of the biological sciences, and with many practical arts. Atomic weapons were actually made by scientists—even, some of you may think, by scientists normally committed to the exploration of rather recondite things. The speed of the development, the active and essential participation of men of science in the development, have no doubt contributed greatly to our awareness of the crisis that faces us, even to our sense of responsibility for its resolution.

But these are contingent things. What is not contingent is that we have made a thing, a most terrible weapon, that has altered abruptly and profoundly the nature of the world. We have made a thing that by all the standards of the world we grew up in is an evil thing. And by so doing, by our participation in making it possible to make these things, we have raised again the question of whether science is good for man, of whether it is good to learn about the world,

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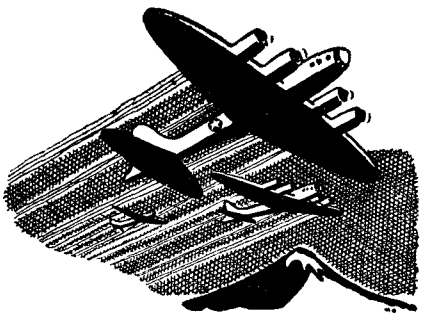
to try to understand it, to try to control it, to help give to the world of men increased insight, increased power. Because we are scientists, we must say an unalterable *yes* to these questions: it is our faith and our commitment, seldom made explicit, even more seldom challenged, that knowledge is a good in itself—knowledge and such power as must come with it.

An atomic bomb is not a new conception, a new discovery of reality; it is a very ordinary thing in some ways, compact with much of the science that makes our laboratories and our industry. But it will change men's lives, as over the centuries the knowledge of the solar system changed them, for in a world of atomic weapons wars will cease. And that is not a small thing, not small in itself, as the world knows today perhaps more bitterly than ever before, but perhaps in the end even greater in the alterations, the radical if slow alterations, in the relations between men and between nations and cultures, that it implies.

IT can only help us, I believe, to recognize these issues as rather great issues. We can serve neither ourselves, nor the cause of the freedom and growth of science, nor our fellow men, if we underestimate the difficulties, or if we through cowardice becloud the radical character of the conflict and its issue. During our lifetime perhaps atomic weapons could be either a great or a small trouble. They cannot be a small hope. They can be a great one.

Sometimes, when men speak of the great hope and the great promise of the field of atomic energy, they speak not of peace, but of atomic power and of nuclear radions. Certainly these are proper enthusiasms, enthusiasms that we must all share. The technical feasibility of deriving virtually unlimited amounts of power from controlled nuclear reactors seems nearly certain, and realization of plants to demonstrate the advantages and limitations of such power does not seem, from the point of view of technical effort, remote. One must look at history to learn that such possibilities will in time be found of value, will in time come to play an important, even if at this moment not thoroughly understood, part in our industry and economy. You have read elsewhere of some of the biological and medical problems and uses of radiation from such reactors. Even physicists can think of some instructive things to do with the grams of neutrons such reactors make available. And all of us, who have seen something of the growth of science, know very well that what we can discern of the possibilities in these fields is a very small part



of what will turn up when we get into them.

Nevertheless, it would seem somewhat wrong to me to let our confidence—in my view our wholly justified confidence—in the future of the peaceful applications of nuclear physics, distract us entirely from the immediacy, and the peril, of atomic weapons. It would not be honest to do so, for not even a better understanding of the physical world, not even the most welcome developments of therapy, should make us content to see these weapons turned to the devastation of the earth. It will not even be very practical to do so. Technically, the operation of reactors and the manufacture of weapons are rather closely related. Wherever reactors are in operation, there is a potential source, not necessarily a convenient one, of materials for weapons; wherever materials are made for weapons, they can be used for reactors that may be well suited to research or power development. And it would seem to me almost inevitable that in a world committed to atomic armament, the shadows of fear, secrecy, constraint, and guilt would hang heavy over much of nuclear physics, much of science. Scientists in this country have been quick to sense this, and to attempt to escape it. I do not think that this attempt can be very successful in a world of atomic armament.

There is another set of arguments whose intent is to minimize the impact of atomic weapons, and thus to delay or to avert the radical changes in the world which their advent would seem to require. There are people who say that they are not such very bad weapons. Before the New Mexico test we sometimes said that too, writing down square miles and equivalent tonnages and looking at the pictures of a ravaged Europe. After the test we did not say it any more. Some of you will have seen photographs of the Nagasaki strike, seen the great steel girders of factories twisted and wrecked; some of you may have noticed that these factories that were wrecked were miles apart. Some of you will have seen pictures of the people who were burned, or had a look at the wastes of Hiroshima. That bomb at Nagasaki would have taken out ten square miles, or a bit more, if there had been ten square miles to take out. Because it is known that the project cost us two billion dollars, and we dropped just two bombs, it is easy to think that they must be very expensive. But for any serious undertaking in atomic armament—and without any elements of technical novelty whatever, just doing things that have already been done—that estimate of cost would be high by something like a factor of a thousand. Atomic weapons, even with what we know today, can be cheap. Even with what we know how to do today, without any of the new things, the little things and the radical things, atomic armament will not break the economic back of any people that want it.

The pattern of the use of atomic weapons was set at Hiroshima. They are weapons of aggression, of surprise, and of terror. If they are ever used again it may well be by the thousands, or perhaps by the tens of thousands; their method of delivery may well be different, and may reflect new possibilities of interception, and the strategy of their use may well be different from what it was against an essentially defeated enemy. But it is a weapon for aggressors, and the elements of surprise and of terror are as intrinsic to it as are the fissionable nuclei.

ONE of our colleagues, a man most deeply committed to the welfare and growth of science, advised me not long ago not to give too much weight, in any public words, to the terrors of atomic weapons as they are and as they can be. He knows as well as any of us how much more terrible they can be made. "It might cause a reaction," he said, "hostile to science. It might turn people away from science." He is not such an old man, and I think it will make little difference to him, or to any of us, what is said now about atomic weapons, if before we die we live to see a war in which they are used. I think that it will not help to avert such a war, if we try to rub the edges off this new terror that we have helped bring to the world. I think that it is for us among all men, for us as scientists perhaps in greater measure because it is our tradition to recognize and to accept the strange and the new, I think it is for us to accept as fact this new terror, and to accept with it the necessity for those transformations in the world which will make it possible to integrate these developments into human life. I think we cannot in the long term protect science against this threat to its spirit and this reproach to its issue unless we recognize the threat and the reproach, and help our fellow men in every way suitable to remove their cause. Their cause is war.

If I return so insistently to the mag-

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nitude of the peril, not only to science, but to our civilization, it is because I see in that our one great hope. As a further argument against war, like arguments that have always existed, that have grown with the gradual growth of modern technology, it is not unique; as a further matter requiring international consideration, like all other matters that so require it, it is not unique. But as a vast threat, and a new one, to all the peoples of the earth, by its novelty, its terror, its strangely promethean quality, it has become, in the eyes of many of us, an opportunity unique and challenging.

It has proved most difficult to make those changes in the relations between nations and peoples, those concurrent and mutually dependent changes in law, in spirit, in customs, in conception—and they are all essential and no one of them is absolutely prior to the others—that should make an end to war. It has not only been difficult; it has been impossible. It will be difficult in the days ahead, difficult and beset with discouragements and frustrations, and it will be slow. But it will not be impossible. If it is recognized, as I think it should be recognized, that this, for us, in our time, is the fundamental problem of human society, that it is a precondition not only for civilized life, or for freedom, but for the attainment of any living human aspiration, then it will not be impossible. These are very major commitments, nor would I minimize their depth. For they involve holding prior to all else we cherish—all that we would live for and die for—our common bond with all people everywhere, our common responsibility for a world without war, our common confidence that in a world thus united, the things that we cherish—learning and freedom and humanity—will not be lost.

These words may seem visionary, but they are not meant to be so. It is a practical thing to avert an atomic war. It is a practical thing to recognize the fraternity of the peoples of the world. It is a practical thing to recognize as a common responsibility, wholly incapable of unilateral solution, the completely common peril that atomic weapons constitute for the world, to recognize that only by a community of responsibility is there any hope of meeting that peril. It could be an eminently practical thing to attempt to develop those arrangements and that spirit of confidence between peoples that are needed for the control of atomic weapons. It could be practical to regard this as a pilot plant for all those other necessary international arrangements without which there will be no peace. For this is a new field, less fettered than most with vested interest, or with the vast inertia of centuries of purely national sovereignty; this is a new field, growing out of a science inspired by the highest ideals of international fraternity.

It would seem somewhat visionary and more than a little dangerous to hope that work on atomic energy and atomic weapons might proceed as have so many things in the past, like the building of battleships, on a purely and narrowly national authority, without basic confidence between peoples, without coöperation or the abrogation in any way of sovereignty, and to hope that with such a course an armaments race would not develop, that somehow these separate, distrustful atomic arsenals would make for the peace of the world. It would seem to me visionary in the extreme, and not practical, to hope that methods which have so sadly failed to avert war in the past will succeed in the face of this far graver peril.

It would in my opinion be most dangerous to regard, in these shattering times, a radical solution as less practical than a conventional one. It would also be most dangerous, and most certain to lead to tragic discouragements, to expect that a radical solution can evolve rapidly, or that its evolution will be free of the grave conflicts and uncertainties. The first steps in implementing the internationalization of responsibility—of responsibility perhaps in the first instance for averting the perils of an atomic war—will inevitably be very modest. It is surely not proper for me, who have neither experience nor knowledge, to speak of what such steps might be. But there are two things that perhaps might be borne in mind, that we might wish to say as scientists. One is that, not only politically, but technically, this field of atomic energy is a very new field and a very rapidly changing one, and that it would be well to stress the interim, tentative character of any arrangements that might in the near future seem appropriate. The second is that in the encouragement and cultivation of the exchange between nations of scientists and students we would see, not only an opportunity for strengthening the fraternity between scientists of different lands, but as a valuable aid in establishing confidence among the nations as to their interests and activities in science generally, and in the fields bearing on atomic energy in particular. It is not at all as a species of super-intelligence that we should propose this; it is rather as a concrete and constructive, if limited, form of these relations of coöperation among nations which must be the hope of the future. Let me say again: these remarks are not intended in any way to define or exhaust the content of any international arrangements it may be possible or appropriate to make, nor to limit them; they are offered as suggestions that occur naturally to a scientist.

THERE will have been little in these words that can have been new to anyone. For months now there has been among scientists, as well as many others, a concern, often a most confusingly articulate concern, both for the critical situation in which nuclear physics finds itself, and for the more general dangers of atomic war. It seems to me these reactions among scientists, that have caused them to meet and speak and testify and write and wrangle without remission, and that are general almost to the point of universality, reflect, and correctly reflect, an awareness of unparalleled crisis. It is a crisis because not only the preferences and tastes of scientists are in jeopardy, but the substance of their faith: The general recognition of the value, the unqualified value, of knowledge, of scientific power and progress. Whatever the individual motivation and belief of the scientist, without that recognition from his fellowmen of the value of his work, in the long term science will perish. I do not believe that it will be possible to transcend the present crisis, in a world in which the works of science are being used, and are being knowingly used, for ends men hold evil; in such a world it will be of little help to try to protect the scientist from restraints, from controls, from an imposed secrecy, which he rightly finds incompatible with all he has learned to believe and cherish. Therefore, it has seemed necessary for me to explore somewhat the impact of the advent of atomic weapons on our fellowmen, and the courses that might lie open for averting the disaster that they invoke. I think there is only one such course, and that in it lies the hope of all our future.

J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER.

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PLAYING BALL

A NEGRO named Jackie Robinson may well become one of the stouter bulwarks of a tolerant and understanding America along about next April. Mr. Robinson has just signed up with the Montreal team of the International League. Montreal, in baseball parlance, is a Brooklyn farm—if a player makes good in Montreal, the gates of Flatbush are likely to be flung wide for him, and garlands of ailanthus leaves showered at his feet.

There is no present indication that such attention, if he ever comes to merit it, will go to Mr. Robinson's head. There is every indication that it will not. Mr. Robinson knows what he is up against, or, to put it a little more accurately, what is up against him. Mr. Robinson will be the first Negro player in modern organized baseball, according to Al Laney of the *New York Herald Tribune* sports staff, who interviewed him the other day. Mr. Robinson opened his heart to Mr. Laney. Said he:

> I know that I will take a tongue beating. That I can take. At least I think I can take it. And I am due for a terrible riding from the bench jockeys all around the International League circuit if I am good enough really to play with Montreal all summer. I know about the riding white players give one another and I am sure it will be much worse for me.

Mr. Robinson makes it clear that he is going into Class AA ball as a ball-player and not as a crusader. Rather, he will crusade by not crusading. He has seen tolerance breed tolerance before. He played football for U.C.L.A. and has confronted the brawniest that Southern Methodist, Texas Christian, and Texas A. and M. had to offer. No individual among his opponents screamed to the white man's God about "white supremacy" or made any lustier passes at Mr. Robinson than the tactics of the game demanded. Mr. Robinson ought to know. "They played hard football," he says, "and really gave me a smacking at times, but I can say with perfect honesty that there never was the slightest thing to indicate that they were giving me the business because I was a Negro."

Later he played in the All-Star game in Chicago with a team that included "half a dozen Southern boys." Of this experience he says:

> The first few days in camp there was a slight tension. I noticed it and kept to myself. When the other boys would play poker I would sit around by myself reading a magazine. On about the fourth day these Southern boys came to me in a group and asked me to join their game. After that we were friends, everything was entirely natural, and there was no restraint. And I want to say that, in the game, these Southern boys gave me the best blocking I ever had.

Mr. Laney, exploring all sides of the issue as a good reporter should, asked Mr. Robinson "what this proved with regard to his coming baseball career." Mr. Robinson said: "It proves, or at least it indicates to me, that once the ice is broken and the idea accepted the thing is entirely possible."

Of course the thing is entirely possible. It is absolutely inevitable if America is going to live up to its high protestations of democracy. And there is no better place to begin it than on a baseball diamond. Ten thousand ball-park customers roaring their approbation of a slashing two-bagger from Jackie Robinson's bat will mean more for American democracy than ten thousand other Americans applauding Hazel Scott's piano-playing (not in "Constitution" Hall) or Paul Robeson's acting—and Miss Scott and Mr. Robeson would be the first to admit it. Last winter Mr. Robeson made an eloquent plea for the admission of Negro players into big-time baseball. A committee of ten appointed by Mayor La Guardia of New York City recently reported that "sheer prejudice and tradition" have heretofore motivated the exclusion of Negroes from organized baseball.

Of those ten-thousand ball-park spectators, probably only a small proportion will be familiar with "Native Son" or "Black Boy" or "If He Hollers Let Him Go." A higher percentage, thanks to a golden platterful of publicity from Boston, will know something about "Strange Fruit."

"There is no possible chance that I will funk it or quit before the end for any other reason than that I am not a good enough ball player. That is the only thing I could be mistaken about. The other things I know." So concludes Jackie Robinson.

Whether Jackie Robinson is or is not a good ball-player is the only question at issue. J. T. W.

Poet, Keep That Thought to Yourself

By Lt. Sloan Wilson, U.S.C.G.R.

THE trouble with most modern poets is
They don't write like anybody ever thought.
They take words like "Xylographical" and "Voglite"
And put them all together
Into a thing which you're not sure is a sentence
Or not a sentence,
And there they leave you.
When you come across one of their modern poems
You have to read it or admit you're a lowbrow.
When you've read it you don't understand it.
This gets you to wondering whether you're stupid
Or insensitive or something you ought not to be,
And you end up feeling as though
You had just flunked your algebra examination
And were going to get kicked out of school.
If modern poets really have something to say
They ought to get a grammar book and learn how to say it.
If they actually think about xylographical things
Or voglite without any verbs,
Well, for their own good
They just ought to keep quiet.
After all, the trouble with most modern poets
Is that they write most modern poetry.
If they didn't do that
They could sit around being modern poets all they wanted,
And no one would say a word.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Those Reviewords

SIR:

I'm a little
Tired of "brittle."

SARAH FENTON.

Detroit, Mich.

Milestone

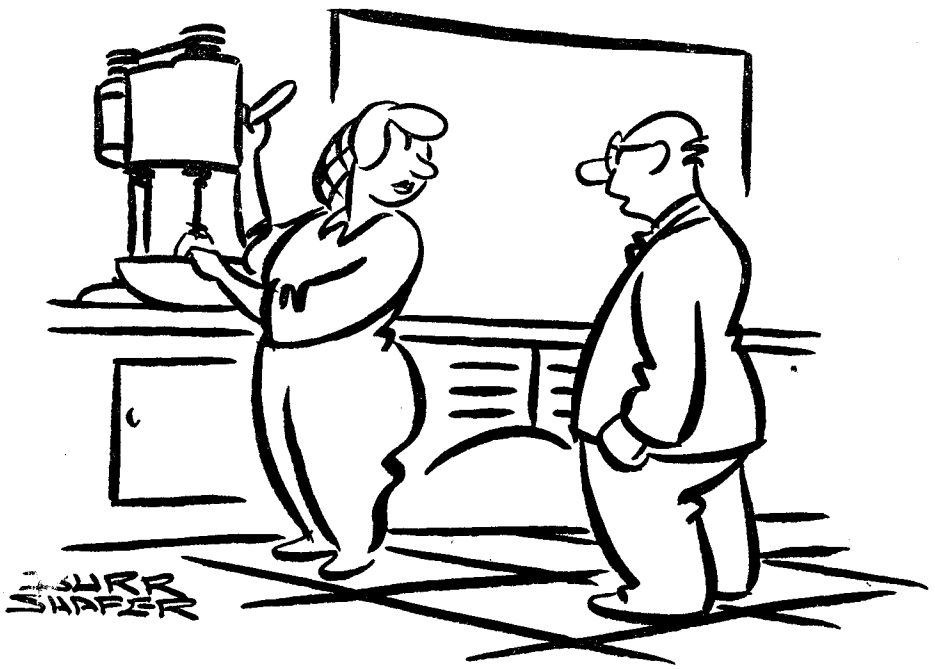
SIR: With acknowledgements to *Time:*

DIED: Man (*homo sapiens*), from a collective overdose of atomized sleeping-powder, aged one million-odd years. Cleverest, most advanced of all mammals and since paleolithic times world champion of hunting; outstanding inventor, chiefly for purposes of waging war (first patent, the stone-sling, which he constantly improved upon until achieving the final television bomb roc); less successful in the realm of medical science (castor oil—penicillin), and an avowed failure in sociological matters. Profoundly imbued with religion, originally an idol-worshipper, he became a monotheist, a Buddhist, an Hegelian state-deifier, eventually winding up as a voodoo practitioner; given to frequent changes of his profane opinions while an active member of secret organizations such as the Spartan Kryptia—the Blue and Green Racers (Byzantium), the Mafia, the Nihilists, the Black-Brown-Silver Shirts, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and so on. In his rare leisure hours of romance and *Weltschmerz* he took incidental pleasure in the fine arts, as well as being an amateur (Negro sculpture—Venus of Milo—T'ang—clair-obscure—murals—commercial—surrealism) as a collector (Louvre—Prado—Frick). He did rather well in music ("The Passion of Saint Matthew"—Nine Symphonies—"The Fire-Bird"—"Rhapsody in Blue"). Was the author of many outstanding works of a philosophical character (Tao TehChing—"Discours sur la Methode"—"Phaenomenology"), political ("Utopia"—"The Capital"—"Mein Kampf"), and belles lettres ("The Odyssey"—"Ulysses"—"Inferno"—"A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs"—"Job"—Don Quixote"—"Babbitt"—"Electra"—"Mourning Becomes Electra"—"Anthony and Cleopatra"—"Caesar and Cleopatra"). Was often contradictory in his writings, which he used to burn from time to time. Of very humble ancestry (born in a cave), he accumulated a tremendous fortune through the exploitation of natural products (gold, cotton, oil), and squandered it to the last cent with his last breath. Nothing remains of his numerous foundations (Nineveh, the Academeia, the Tower of Babylon, Eleusis, Hollywood) due to his own fantastic overstatements as to his financial situation and his scientific achievements—statements made publicly long before he came to America (aboard the *Viking*). Much married (Eve, Messaline, Lucrezia, Madame de Pompadour, Annie MacPherson), polygamic (Adam) man, his indulgence in sensual pleasures—unlawful lust (Oedipus-complex), intemperance, gluttony, militarism—became proverbial in the animal world (*homo homini lupis.*) Average super-man's favorite dictum: *"Après moi le deluge,"* which he practised until the bitter end when he vanished almost without a trace, bewailed by no one, leaving behind ruins and two forgotten testaments.

It was a nice try, though.

WALTER MEHRING.

New York City.



"I didn't say anything when you bought that drill press to mash potatoes, but if you want a band saw just to slice ham you'll have to spend your own money."

Quakers in Recent Books

SIR: Presumably because men and women of good will are legion in our times, books about Quakers have been coming from publishers with unusual frequency recently. Several of them portray the testimonies and practices of the members of The Religious Society of Friends accurately. But a few others grossly distort the Quaker way of life. In order to guide seekers after the truth, here are comments on half a dozen recent volumes.

Hervey Allen in "Bedford Village" reveals much ineptness with the use of the plain language of Friends and also with their testimonies regarding drink and war. Although a direct descendant of one of William Penn's colonists, Ronald Kirkbride in "Winds, Blow Gently" violates good Quaker morals in order to build a good story, although he does well by the essential significance of the Quaker mode of worship based on simplicity. Good Quaker language usage is not easy to grasp, and Nancy Bruff's new first novel "The Manatee" is sure to stir the ire of Christopher Morley, who has a yen for correctness in Quaker expressions as used by Quakers like himself. True Friends wince at the theme of this book and its violations of Quaker practice.

On the other hand, even the most discriminating Quaker literary critic can discover nothing but praise in the delightful first book by Jessamyn West, "The Friendly Persuasion." This collection of short stories about an Indiana Quaker family should charm a host of readers. In "Philadelphia" the Philadelphian Struthers Burt has everything of fact and tradition about the Quakers in their City of Brotherly love. And for the common reader "The Quaker Way of Life," by William Wistar Comfort, president-emeritus of Haverford College, portrays in most readable form exactly who the Quakers are and how they got that way. Together with the fifty books from the pen of the distinguished Rufus M. Jones, these books will do much to guide non-Quakers and Quakers through the labyrinth of modern novels about Quakers which surely are not a credit to the Society of Friends.

RICHMOND P. MILLER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Homeland

SIR: I think I have a right to speak. I'm all Jewish, from both sides of the family. My paternal grandfather thought that Jews who had come to America should lay aside some of the outmoded forms and rituals and superstitions of the Old World and main-

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tain just the basic concept of the Jewish religion—belief in one God without intermediaries or other deities and adherence to the Golden Rule.

On job applications and other forms where the question "Religion" is asked I have always written "Jewish." I've never been ashamd of it—never been arrogant about it. It's an accident of birth like being an Englishman or a Chinese or a Catholic or an American Indian.

Right now as never before the rabid pro-Jewish folks (both Jewish and non-Jewish) are making ardent pleas for the restoration of the "homeland." The very folks who cry "persecution" and "discrimination" are giving proof themselves of discrimination. Oh, yes, they are! They're saying: "We're different." "We're out of place." "We're a people apart and need a homeland to prove it." If that theory is right then it's also right for employers to say: "You're different." "You're out of place in my establishment." "You're out of place in this country." (And while on the subject of discrimination, was there ever anyone more discriminated against than a "goy" at Schroon Lake or the Catskills?)

It's high time Jewish folks decided whether they're citizens or Jews—whether they're ready to be assimilated or wish stubbornly to retain their differences, their so-called racial traits, their hidebound and outmoded customs and usages. I don't think anyone cares whether a man kneels or stands to pray, whether the service is in Latin or Hebrew, whether a man stands before God with his hat on his head or under the pew, whether he reads his newspaper in Italian or English or Yiddish. It's the Jew's *own* conviction that he's a displaced person of some eighty generations' standing that brings a lot of the evils existing. What's the sense in rationalizing about the reasons for this frame of mind? The old ghettoes, the Inquisition, the more recent horrors in Germany. Sure. No one denies these tragic facts. But that's looking behind.

The Pilgrims didn't complain to the Indians that the Church of England wasn't to their liking. They cut down trees against the future. They didn't raise the barriers of the past.

I don't want a homeland. I've got one. It's the United States of America. And when I repeat with Daniel Webster, "Thank God I—too—am an American," I don't add "but not positively."

JACK LEWI.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Jargon by Command

SIR: After reading Lt. Robert Welker's "GI Jargon: Its Perils and Pitfalls" [*SRL,* Nov. 3], I am prompted to agree with his choice of GI language as opposed to those many quasi-glossaries which were sold to the unsuspecting and the uninitiated.

It is one of the tragedies of both proprietary and our language that certain expressions cannot be given the honest definitions they deserve. These phrases as few others show the limitations of GI jargon. Lt. Welker, I am certain, will recall an afternoon when we both overheard one four-letter word used six times in a single sentence.

"Tedeschi" was a term commonly used to describe the German enemy; however, its place beside "Kraut" and "Krauthead" is dubious, as these latter names have a somewhat questionable and less natural source. They were selected by one of the propaganda branches of the Army to replace the widely accepted "Jerry." *The Stars and Stripes* early in the Italian campaign published notification of its intention to use "Kraut" because it gave less dignity to the enemy. The word was thereafter popular in print, but was not generally used by the soldiers. It is a fine example of the failure to be accepted of a deliberate choice of slang passed down from above.

Multi bono, Rob.

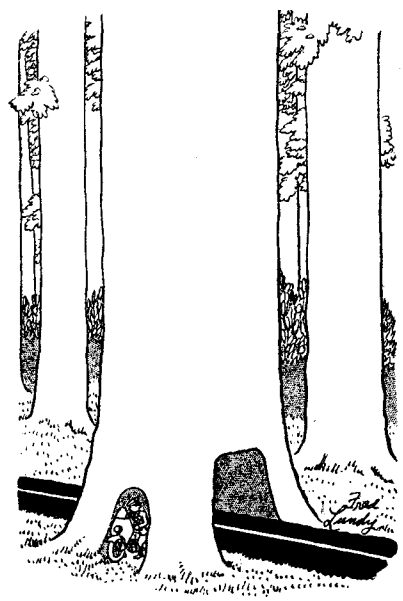
IRWIN R. BLACKER.

Athens, Ohio.

SIR: I find Lt. Robert H. Welker's article "GI Jargon: Its Perils and Pitfalls" [*SRL,* Nov. 3] woefully inadequate. As a former GI I noticed several startling omissions. A quick examination of my notebook yields several choice plums. I give them herewith and their conventional equivalents:

blockbusters—prunes
baby food—cereal
shimmy shimmy—jello
tire patches—hot cakes
blood—catsup
crow—chicken
grease—butter
lighthouses—salt and pepper
cannon balls—canteloupe
shrapnel—grape nuts
ammunition—beans
ink—coffee
goldfish—salmon
dandruff—sugar
cat beer—milk
cackle jelly—eggs

Notice that all these deal with food



—a major concern of every soldier. Lt. Welker during the course of four years of eating at army messes came across some of these.

Allow me to shed some light on the phrase "to sweat out," about which Lt. Welker writes, "Its origins are somewhat dim." Dim indeed! Mark Twain used this phrase in a letter written in the 1880's.

BARRIE STAVIS.

New York, N. Y.

The Forgotten Word

SIR: Just as Mr. Henry Wallace seems to feel that he discovered the *forgotten man,* so do I feel that I have discovered the *forgotten word.*

The word is *shall.*

Has this useful word disappeared from the language? Is it lost? Or is it, as I prefer to believe, only forgotten?

Is *will* to do all the work formerly shared with *shall?*

For example, permit me to quote a sentence from a review by Emily Hahn of "My Indian Family," in the *SRL* of August 18.

"No doubt we will have more books about interracial marriage." And again in the otherwise immaculate pages of *SRL* of August 25, Mr. Russel Crouse, in "Seeing Things," says, more belligerently than he may have intended, "But we will not have any plays that," etc.

Time was when some of us were brought up on the perfect example of how ***not*** to say it—

"I will drown and nobody shall save me."

A maxim worth reviving perhaps?

R. M. CROSBY.

Dr. Rimmer and "Little Women"

SIR: As perhaps Mr. Lincoln Kirstein knows already, quite a bit of space is devoted to Dr. William Rimmer of Boston in Katharine Anthony's "Louisa May Alcott" (Knopf, 1937). Miss Anthony, who calls Dr. Rimmer one of Miss Alcott's favorite iconoclasts, promulgated the interesting theory that he was the original, hitherto undiscovered, of Professor Bhaer in "Little Women," and that the character of Dr. Alec in "Eight Cousins" was a composite of Rimmer and Theodore Parker. May Alcott, artist sister of Louisa and the original of Amy in "Little Women" and Rose Campbell in "Eight Cousins," was a student of his; so was John La Farge, grandfather of Christopher and Oliver La Farge.

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.

New York City.

The End of an Argument

SIR: I wish to inform you that I am in violent disagreement with a statement made by a learned gentleman (at least I suppose he is learned) which appeared in your issue for—for—skip it, I can't find the darn thing.

ARTHUR J. LINTON.

Worcester, Mass.

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TRADE Winds

THE TRAILS OF HOFFMAN

THE NAME OF Irving Hoffman has been appearing at frequent intervals in this column, and I thought it was about time to explain who he is. Irving is a perfect example of "the man about town." He does a daily column for the *Hollywood Reporter,* writes drama reviews for the same paper, contributes frequently to his good and loyal friend Walter Winchell, knows every beautiful girl in New York (all of whom chorus, "Isn't Irving just wonderful?"), could make a modest fortune as a professional cartoonist, and does make one as a publicity counsel. Nobody knows the names of his clients, but everybody knows they are important.

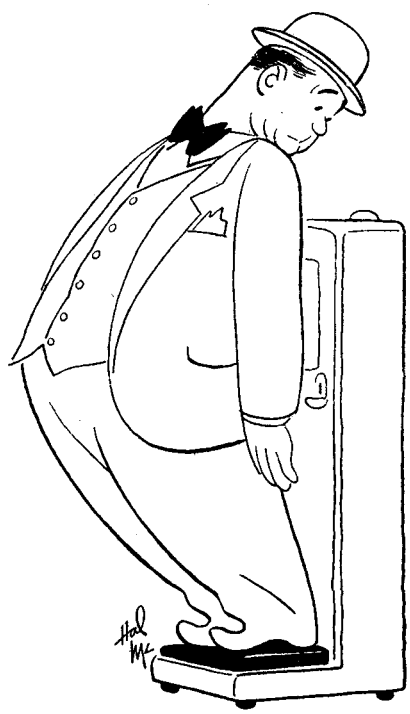
Hoffman is the most near-sighted man in New York. Even with his glasses on, he cannot read a newspaper two feet away. He identifies pretty girls by the Braille, or touch, system. At an early age, he saw a performance of "The Front Page," and has been enacting the role of Lee Tracy ever since—hat on the back of his head, tie carefully awry, a sophisticated sneer failing utterly to conceal a heart like mush and a quixotic generosity more conspicuous than the carpet slippers he wears to opening nights.

Hoffman was born in 1909 in the Bronx. He is a product of P.S. 30 and De Witt Clinton High School. At fourteen he covered a Democratic National Convention, and sold sketches of Bryan, Al Smith, the young F.D.R., and others to the *New York World.* At twenty he was offered a job as columnist on the *New York News* but turned it down because he felt he couldn't compete with Winchell. The one thing Hoffman won't be paid to publicize is books; when he likes one, he raves about it gratis. His greatest pleasure is discovering new talent. He has gotten over thirty promising young writers contracts in Hollywood.

Hoffman's drama reviews lean a trifle too much to the wise-crack school, but in a year when good critics can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and the calibre of the new shows invites the most caustic and disparaging comments, his devastating brush-offs have become legendary, and are picked up regularly by other columnists, *Time,* and digest magazines. Hollywood takes his judgment so seriously that when he slammed "A Bell for Adano," the management took six full-page advertisements in the *Reporter* to refute him.

Typical Hoffmanerisms: Of "Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston," he noted, "This is one book Boston was really entitled to ban." "Good Night Ladies," he said, "is one of those turkeys that hopes to get by with very little dressing. Chicago noses stood it for 100 weeks, but it must be also remembered that Chicago noses stood the stockyards for 100 years." He described one buxom starlet as "a girl who probably takes Wheaties for breakfast every morning, and talks as though her mouth was still full of them." "A Lady Says Yes" was dismissed as "mad doggerel where the humor is bed pan and the music tin pan. Christine Ayers, the pip who used to zip and strip, just stands around and twiddles her tum." In "Marinka," the "only distinguished thing about the music was its ancestry. Every once in a while the chorus broke out into an Albertina Rasch." He dismissed "In Bed We Cry" as "a fiasco at the Belasco. A case of foul play. It makes me Ilka."

When Hoffman likes something, however, he goes to equal lengths to help put it over. His enthusiasm for Walter Benton's book of poems, "This Is My Beloved," trebled its sale. His columns on "Two-Faced Quilligan," "Address Unknown," and "Hangover Square" were directly responsible for picture sales. In his files are rave notices about Bob Hope, Eddie Bracken, Lauren Bacall, Betty Hutton, and Abbott and Costello long before the general public—and Hollywood potentates—knew they were alive. On the wall of his office is framed a little poem by David McCord, which is dedicated to "A Certain Assertin' Critic," and reads:



He takes the long review of things;
He asks and gives no quarter.
And you can sail with him on wings
Or read the book. It's shorter.

"Every time I read those lines," says Hoffman, "I cut a paragraph out of a review I'm doing. The shorter and more concise a criticism is, the more weight it carries and the oftener it is quoted."

Irving Hoffman is a modest fellow and this piece will make him blush—if he gets close enough to read it. I hope it will also remove that phony scowl from his face. . . .

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S "The Yellow Room" will be a welcome relief to mystery connoisseurs who are reeling from an overdose of would-be Raymond Chandlers. At a luncheon given on publication day by her son Stanley, Mrs. Rinehart was asked why she hadn't revived her inimitable Tish stories for World War II. Her reply was frank and disarming: "I did write one, but *The Saturday Evening Post* turned it down." She laughed ruefully. "Imagine them doing a thing like that to Tish and me! I decided then and there that Tish was through for good!" . . . Stanley Rinehart told a story of his last visit to London. At a tennis match, the man seated next to him turned suddenly and said, "You're an American, aren't you? Wonder if you know a chap out there named Smith?" Stanley doubted that he did. "Rum fellow," confided the Englishman. "Had a shooting box next to mine. Ran off with somebody else's wife. Shot a pheasant on the ground. It was coming toward him too!" . . . My luncheon partner was Ione Shriber, who was a house-guest of the one and only Gypsy Rose Lee. She said the bath towels at the Lee residence were luxuriously beautiful, and garnished with elaborately embroidered flowers. "They were a wedding present from my first marriage," explained Gypsy. "They're wonderful," said Mrs. Shriber. "Sure they are," agreed Gypsy. "But Jeez, what a price to pay for a couple of bath towels!" . . .

FROM THE RINEHART PARTY at the Barberry Room it was only a stone's throw to the Doubleday reception for Elizabeth Janeway at the Rainbow Room. (How publishers do slave!) Miss Janeway says that she rewrote

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". . . and I would like these delivered to 221B Baker St."

the first page of "Daisy Kenyon" eight times. . . . Next to her stood the "Paul" who writes the adjacent advertising column. His full name is Paul Hollister, Jr., and he's disgustingly young, but he certainly turns out fine copy. . . . One guest was carrying a couple of cartoon albums: "This Petty Pace" by Mary Petty, and "Who's Paying for This Cab?" by Alan Dunn. In private life, Miss Petty and Mr. Dunn are husband and wife, and both of them have a wonderful sense of humor. Mrs. Dunn, obviously, knows better typographers.

THE NEW YORK Public Library catalogues a book called "How to Live a Century," by a Dr. James Martin Peebles. The doctor was born in 1822, wrote his book in 1884—and died in 1922, when he was exactly one hundred years old! Here at last is a writer who genuinely deserves to be called an authority on his subject. . . . Katherine Brush's next book appears on the Spring list of Doubleday, Doran. Eudora Welty's first full-length novel, "Delta Wedding," is a Harcourt highlight for the new season. . . . The House of Books has published Booth Tarkington's radio play, "Lady Hamilton and Her Nelson," in a limited, signed edition of 300 copies at 3.50. . . . Eve Brown is penning a biog of Maury Paule (Cholly Knickerbocker) for Dutton. . . . Mary Elizabeth Edes, of *Publishers' Weekly*, who wrote that engaging piece on "Publishers' Children and the Books They Read," is ducking irate bookmen whose offspring she overlooked. The article rates a sequel anyhow. . . . *Cosmopolitan* has won the free-for-all for the editorial services of *Yank's* Sgt. Joe McCarthy.

Charles Morton, of the *Atlantic*, revives the story of the group of writers who were discussing the ideal opening for a commercially successful piece of fiction. They agreed that the first paragraph should contain (1) sex; (2) high life and big money, and (3) an unconventional situation. On that basis, one of them contrived this unbeatable beginning: "Damn it," said the Duchess. "Take your hand off my leg."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

EVERYONCEINAWHILE I absorb just about all I can take of Fifth Avenue buses passing me by and their drivers telling me where I can get off, and at such times I am tempted to hoist the conductor by the collar, and holding him dangling aloft, recite the lines from The Destruction of Sennacherib: "The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, and his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold." They are sweeping lines and they suggest a stunning dash that is lacking in the lives of the American cliff-dweller.

But there are people whose lives gleam in purple and gold; MAURICE HINDUS, author of *Mother Russia*, tells their five-hundred-year-old story in **The Cossacks.** Men whose names roll so pugnaciously off the tongue as Yermak, Pugachev, and Stenka Razin, have punctuated the long and furious career of a people who in the mechanized years of World War II cut German panzers to ribbons. Give me the men who are stout-hearted men, and I would say to them, including Nelson Eddy, read **The Cossacks.**

★ ★ ★ ★

LOUIS UNTERMEYER says that **Undertow** is a book written on two levels and in that sense two books. It would be hard to read into this statement something that is not there, because he goes on to explain that the book deals with two worlds of thinking and deals expertly with each. Perhaps the most fascinating thing of all is Russ Davis' habit of letting one of his minds stand off and watch the other struggle, a habit which we all have at times, but especilaly when we dream. This is only a small part of the author's technical equipment, but it is the one which most acutely strikes this reader.

★ ★ ★ ★

FOR sheer entertainment GEORGE ANTHEIL'S **Bad Boy of Music** outranks many so-called humor books. It is full of humorous anecdotes about notable people and countries. Others may find it valuable as an authentic revelation of a composer's problems. And for those people who are accustomed to having sixteen-foot lilac trees flown to their door from the Riviera, the book is full of preposterous reality, not to mention fantasy galore.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

ALL OR NOTHING

"MAY I inquire—what is your destiny?" asks the doctor of Gregors Werle, the unfortunate idealist in "The Wild Duck." "To be always thirteenth at table," is his reply. No doubt this is the idealist's fate. No doubt it is as much the obligation as it is the fate of all idealists, even of those who are more enlightened and less intrusive than was Gregors Werle.

Idealists do not belong to a welcome tribe. At least among practical men whose notion of practicality is a compromise amounting to surrender. Such supposedly fact-facing mortals cannot abide in their living those whose flagpoles fly no white flags. They get along too comfortably, these practical men, in a realm of ethics where half-truths pass as truths. Their allegiance is given, not to self-respect, but to self-advancement. And the majority is always with them.

I go back to Ibsen's chilly code for an obvious reason. Just now that bleak Norwegian, whom the British once described as being "nookshotten," may seem as remote as either of those Calvins, the theological or the presidential. But "The Rugged Path"* and "State of the Union"† are plays dealing with figures Ibsen would have understood. He could no more have spoken their language than Cotton Mather could have bandied idioms with Judge Rosenman or Bill Mauldin. Yet the fringe-faced old thunderer of the North would not have been a total stranger in the presence of either Morey Vinion or Grant Mathews. These new American characters belong to a race he fathered. They are descendants of Brand and Dr. Stockmann. They are "all or nothing" boys. They do not have to look far to find polluted waters advertised as health-giving springs. They are disgusted with the "marsh vapors" of the world in which they live.

They are men, these middle-aged Yankees, who refuse to tarnish themselves by selling out, the first as an editor, the second as a Presidential possibility. Although one of them is as American as God (with Irish aid) made Spencer Tracy, and the other is as American as Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Crouse (with a triumphant awareness of the needs of New York showmanship) have made "State of the Union," they both rebel at what any Ibsenite would identify as "living a lie."

Instead of being cursed with the "sickly consciences" which Ibsen loathed, these Americans rejoice in those "robust consciences" for which he pled. They know that in the last analysis happiness does not come from being able to live with the world. It results only from being able to live with one's self. Theirs is the wisdom, more needed in the United States today than it was in Ibsen's Scandinavia, to realize that it is the lack of conscience, rather than conscience itself, which doth make cowards of us all.

In the protestant natures of their central characters, "The Rugged Path" and "State of the Union" reach their separation center. In most other respects, they have as little in common with each other as they have with Ibsen.

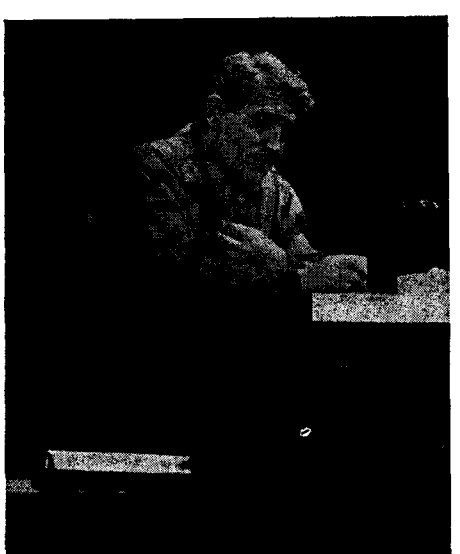
"The Rugged Path" is Mr. Sherwood's first play since our entrance into the war. As such it was bound to put stilts under expectations. Mr. Sherwood is one of our ablest playwrights. As "Idiot's Delight" and "Reunion in Vienna" proved, (not to forget his adaptation of "Tovarisch"), he can also be one of our most cunning craftsmen.

As a rule he is theatrically an accomplished host. In the theatre, no less than out of it, this involves forcing guests to forget their watches. It means dreading the coming of eleven o'clock rather than praying for it. In the past Mr. Sherwood has shown that he knows how to keep a party lively regardless of whether or not he has serious matters to discuss. On occasion he has even assembled audiences to read the world's last will and testament, and kept them laughing.

Mr. Sherwood's knowledge of life does not stop with the footlights. In addition to being one of our foremost playwrights he is one of our best citizens. The man who understood Lincoln has something of Lincoln in himself. More than being able to mobilize a gift for language, his mind and heart can claim that they reach the boiling points at the proper moments. He has not stood aside from the flood of events for which as a playwright he prepared us. His closeness to President Roosevelt, and his own admirable record, again in this war, here, in Europe, and in the Pacific, have given him a background of experience from which to write that few dramatists can hope to approach.

Nothing, therefore, would be pleasanter to report than that in "The Rugged Path" Mr. Sherwood had written the play which he, and all of us, hoped he would write. The sad truth is that he has not. He has sketched it. He has set down what amounts to a first draft. Yet, if I may go back to Ibsen again, Mr. Sherwood has not gone far beyond one of those tantalizing preliminary sketches which to this day turn the volume known as "From Ibsen's Workshop" into one of the world's most instructive courses in playwriting.

*THE RUGGED PATH, a play in twelve scenes by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by Captain Garson Kanin. Settings by Jo Mielziner. With Spencer Tracy, Martha Sleeper, Clinton Sundberg, Lawrence Fletcher, Clay Clement, etc. At the Plymouth Theatre.



—Graphic House

Spencer Tracy "should give this bromide [that Hollywood spoils legitimate actors] a burial indecent in its haste."

†STATE OF THE UNION, a comedy by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Presented by Leland Hayward. Staged by Bretaigne Windust. Settings by Raymond Sovey. With Ralph Bellamy, Ruth Hussey, Minor Watson, Kay Johnson, Myron McCormick, G. Albert Smith, Aline McDermitt, etc. At the Hudson Theatre.

—Vandamm Studio

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from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
WITH J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
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An illustration, so familiar as to be trite, is a scene from "A Doll's House," as Ibsen first drafted it and as he finally rewrote it. The short passage proves more swiftly than most excerpts can dream of doing how a few altered phrases can change the substance of a character and the dimensions of a play.

I have in mind the scene which comes toward the middle of the final act. It is the one in which Nora and her husband, Helmer, are waiting for the delivery of the letter which will seal their fate. When, in the earlier draft, the maid brings them this letter, Helmer cries, "Nora!—Oh, I must read it again. Yes, yes, it is so. You are saved, Nora, you are saved." "How, saved?" she asks. "Look here," says Helmer, "he sends you back your promissory note."

That is the first vague version. In the next the shadows have taken shape. When the letter arrives, Helmer laughs, "Nora! Oh! I must read it again. Yes, yes, it is so. I am saved! Nora, I am saved!" "And I?" she demands. "You, too, of course," he babbles on. "We are both saved, both of us. Look here, he sends you back your promissory note." By the addition of a few unmasking phrases and the change of a couple of poisonously revealing pronouns, Helmer has grown from an abstraction into an unforgettable individual.

It is precisely these all-important shadings which Mr. Sherwood omits from "The Rugged Path." His play seldom gets beyond the broad sweep of an outline. The skeleton is there but the flesh is for the most part missing. Even when present it is conventional enough to be weak.

Mr. Sherwood's hero is a man who finds peace—that is peace with himself—by going to war. He is an editor, as disenchanted with his marriage as he is disillusioned in his business. When he encounters difficulties with both the owner and the business manager of his paper because of having run an editorial favoring Russia, at the moment of Germany's attack upon her, his conscience rebels and he hands in his resignation.

Thereafter he bobs up in the Navy as a cook on a destroyer, a fact which is a little hard for all concerned to stomach. When his ship is torpedoed he manages, as her sole survivor, to reach one of the smaller Philippine islands. There, though voluble to the end, he loses his life as a captain in the Army while attacking the Japanese with some native forces. The final scene, like the first one, is in the White House. During it, while the editor's widow is graciously planning to return to the Filipinos who fought with her husband the Congressional Medal

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which has been posthumously conferred upon him, his erstwhile newspaper associates are plotting among themselves to exploit his death.

Mr. Sherwood's play is high-minded. Like Irwin Shaw's "The Assassin," which perished far sooner than it should have, it can claim at least the none-too-common virtue of striving to get something said. Like "The Assassin" it speaks, however stutteringly, for that other, already almost forgotten world; the world of those who were "there" rather than the totally different and uncomprehending world of those who were "here." This may explain its simplicities; those very simplicities in emotion, and thought, and hope which "here" seem unsatisfactory.

Even so, except for occasional scenes or intermittent lines driven home with the accustomed Sherwood accuracy, "The Rugged Path" is a script which refuses to become a play, although it never turns into a bore. In spite of the many good secondary actors who keep shadow-boxing with non-existent parts, and the excellence of Jo Mielziner's settings and Garson Kanin's direction, it remains a monologue, waiting in this draft to be turned into a drama. It is not "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out, but "Hamlet" with everyone else omitted. If the others are unwritten, Hamlet is here unedited. Which means that as an itinerant soliloquizer he encounters scant interruption.

Spencer Tracy is, of course, a player of uncommon ability. A cliché of New York dramatic criticism, always repeated as if it were not moss-covered, is that Hollywood spoils legitimate actors. Mr. Tracy should give this bromide a burial indecent in its haste. He remains on the stage as fine a player as he was fifteen years ago when as "Killer" Mears in "The Last Mile" he unhinged the vertebrae of local theatregoers. In fact, he remains the same fine actor his films have again and again shown him to be. He is as male as an old Bull Durham ad and as likable as a cop who has had a good Christmas. He is boyish and adult, all in one smile or breath, and as honest as the year's longest day. As an actor he is incapable of shamming because so palpably he takes personal possession of every word he is given to speak. When it comes to making a quiet line audible, few players are his equal. He does not have to raise his voice to quicken our interest. The truth is that his performance is in itself enough to ease the path of Mr. Sherwood's play, and make that path travel-worthy.

Unlike Mr. Sherwood's offering, "State of the Union" is all spit-and-polish in its professionalism. It fairly glistens with dexterity. It is a present to theatregoers, bought at Bergdorf-Goodman, and wrapped there, too. Worth the buying to begin with, it comes in the most chic of trim boxes, encased in silver paper, and secured with a satin ribbon.

It is the kind of play which, in its gaiety at least, one imagines George S. Kaufman must have had a hand in. Its humor is that certain, that topical, that irreverent, and that contagious. For once, however, Mr. Kaufman has not been needed. Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Crouse are sufficient unto themselves. They are masters at every one of those theatre-wise dodges which Mr. Sherwood has this time chosen to ignore. Their theme, which shares much with Mr. Sherwood's, could as easily have turned out to be a bucking broncho as his proved to be. But they have known not only how to saddle it, bridle it, slip the bit through its sizable teeth and put it through its paces, but to curry it so that it would curry favor.

Although they have solemn—more accurately, imperative—things to say about our politics, they smile both before and after saying them. Certainly, no two people have ever assembled so many musical chairs, which work, at what might otherwise have been their own funeral.

Their play is as post-war in its feeling as Mr. Sherwood's is war-born. If "The Rugged Path" is, therefore, retrospective in its mood, "State of the Union" is breathtakingly contemporary. It is as up-to-the-minute as today's headlines, the last newscast you have just heard, or the preliminary anguishes of the 1948 campaign. Some of its lines must each night be delivered not only by the actors but to them by Western Union messengers.

Behind their jubilant gagging (which at moments is a trifle too pat in its punning) and beyond their good-natured fooling (which, though agreeable, occasionally goes too far, as in the scene in which the Senator's Southern wife downs what can only be described as a bevy, a herd, or a flock of Sazarac cocktails), the Messrs. Lindsay and Crouse have sobering subjects on their mind. They state these as persuasively as they communicate their gaiety.

Above all the Broadway slickness of the season's first hit, there looms the tousled head and the fine, free, fighting spirit of Wendell Willkie. Mr. Lindsay's and Mr. Crouse's central figure is a man after every Willkie admirer's own heart. He is an honest man in politics. A fearless one, too. He possesses the radiant virtues of the amateur. He believes the American people have the right to choose their own candidates and to hear the truth. He is even naive enough to feel that an issue is something to be faced rather than avoided. He cannot understand why he must say one thing in Wichita, another in Detroit. His faith in the voters is not shared by the old, tried bosses. Accordingly, having been tempted for a while to follow their advice, he breaks with them. In doing so, needless to say, he not only refinds his wife (who is a bit of anarchy in skirts) but finds himself.

As maneuvered against the ack-ack of such names as Truman, Dewey, Hoover, Stassen, O'Dwyer, and even Herbert Bayard Swope, "State of the Union" subjects our political scene to the most gleeful spoofing it has received since "Of Thee I Sing." It does this without the assistance of any music except the voters' hopes. Its plea is for that plague on both parties which Maxwell Anderson made in "Both Your Houses" and which the movies heard in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." It just happens to have the good sense to put the country above the party, and world peace above electioneering. If it seems to favor the Republicans, it is only, as Lewis Nichols phrased it in *The New York Times,* because Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Crouse are such shrewd comic writers that they know which is the funny side.

I wish I had the time and space in which to discuss the nudging skill of Bretaigne Windust's direction, the opulence and taste of Raymond Sovey's settings, the shining rightness of Ralph Bellamy and Ruth Hussey as the political aspirant and his stinger-tongued wife, and the unerring proficiency of Minor Watson, Myron McCormick, and some of the other performers. But to your chagrin, no less than mine, I find that, as Brooks Atkinson once pointed out to me when on a daily paper I had written a five-column review of "Mourning Becomes Electra," someone must have stolen my watch.

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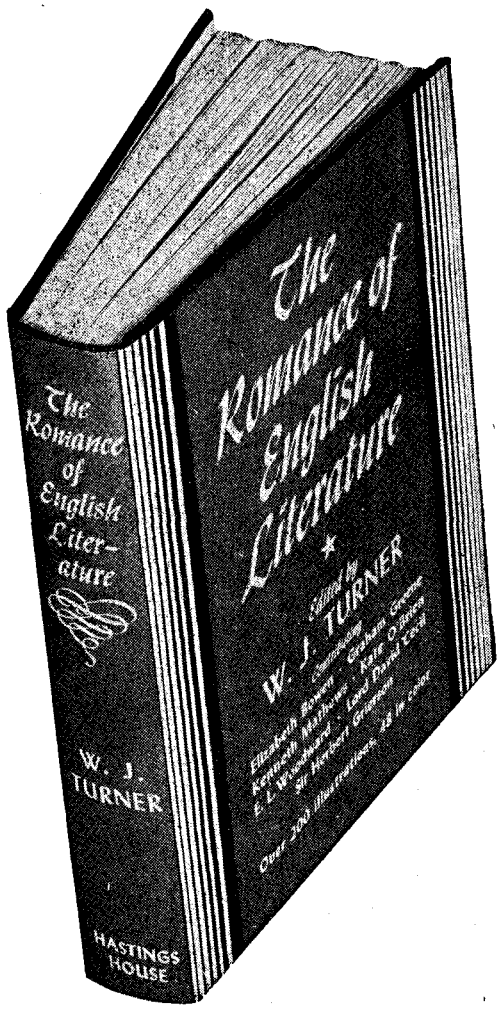

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WHERE IS THE BOOK BUSINESS HEADING?

THERE is a dangerous tendency today to be over-optimistic about the future of the book business. It has even got to a point where those traditional pessimists, the owners and managers of big and small book shops, are whooping it up and feel that there won't be any end to the present wave of prosperity and that "since the boys have acquired a taste for reading" their first thought when striking their home shores will be to build themselves fine libraries.

Whereas in other industries the problems of reconversion are studied seriously, the solution in our particular phase is reduced to the simple formula of just "cutting out all books about the war." The war is still very much with us, but "the boys want to get away from it all," and so they will curl up on a couch and be happy reading such great creative works as "Forever Amber."

Ten per cent of the present population of the United States is in or just out of the armed forces, and this ten per cent has a particular fascination for our star-gazers. The ever-recurring phrase is that we will increase our business by ten per cent over what it was before the war. Sure the soldiers have acquired a taste for reading books, but does that necessarily mean that they will want to own them too? I mean when the money for buying them will have to come out of their *own* pockets? The dearth of material goods, especially of small luxury goods, labor-saving devices, and all the articles that go into the making of a gadget civilization created an unprecedented demand for books. This, I am sorry to report, is an abnormal situation in this country, where in spite of the omniverous reading that is done there are few homes that can boast of a library of even a hundred books. To a large extent this country has been a newspaper and magazine reading nation. The astonishing popularity of Pocket Books, besides being due to the editorial acumen of its brilliant staff, is of course a matter of price and format and widespread distribution. Does it create a desire for ownership? Are there many examples where people went back to the book store and bought the same book in a regular library-size volume in order to own it permanently? The unprecedented popularity of the Roosevelt memorial volume may well be a straw in the wind of what the public really wants, but it will hardly help the problem of the ownership of books.

I particularly stress this point of Pocket Books because there is a widespread belief that if books were only cheaper more people would buy them. And, of course, this is an economic argument that is almost axiomatic in its connotations. They *will* buy more books, but what kind of books? They still have not been sold "pride in the ownership of books." On the whole I am convinced that the publishing of small, cheap books has helped the booksellers, but it has done a lot more for drugstores and newsstands. (Of course, if in the future we want to turn our whole business over to these outlets, everything is settled here and now.) Then, of course, there is the matter of size. One of the most important effects of the war on the book business has been the reduction in size, which does not mean that books cannot be just as well designed. There is a distinct disadvantage in the bulking of a book. It was of course argued that people felt they got their money's worth when they almost had to hire a wheelbarrow to carry their purchase home. But how many people did not come into bookstores with the complaint that they would love to own books but that they simply did not have the room to keep them?

What above all should be impressed upon the public is that the owning of books plays an important part in the making of a home. We are by preference living under a system of competition. Now where does the book industry compete with other businesses? The lack of imagination in the advertising and more especially the publicity of the book business is appalling.

Instead of an all-over effort to sell books, publishers most frequently try to steal a march on each other. In the interest of the whole business, and its survival as a separate entity and not as a minor part of some all-inclusive sales effort in the department store manner, publisher and bookseller must get together in the not too distant future and lay plans that will help the *whole* industry and not some particular publisher's effort.

To illustrate my point. When I make a window and try to see to it that it will stop the passer-by in his tracks, I am not thinking of Brentano's, not a block away, or the Dutton, Doubleday, and Putnam bookshops, or the Womrath libraries. What I constantly keep in the back of my mind is that I am competing for our share of the customer's dollar. Today this is easy, for the reasons I have given. So I have to make a window that competes in interest, attraction, and eye appeal with Saks's store, half a block away a modern furniture store with a beautiful and voluptuous looking bed in the window, with McCutcheon's at the corner, and with the jewelry and expensive china and silverware in the display of Black, Starr and Gorham at the other corner—yes, even with the travel agency right beside us. I feel that as a part of Scribner's bookstore I am also a particle of the book business in general and that I have a duty to fulfill to what in my mind is one of the finest products of man's mind and creative and mental effort, in the building of entertainment and information.

OURS is a small but highly significant industry. We have a moral share in the building of our civilization only second to radio and the motion-picture industry. Now you may laugh that off, but if you do you better pull out of the book business. I do not mean thereby the sort of morality that lives by blue laws, but the broad interpretation of life, where there can be as much spiritual strength in a burst of laughter as in a sermon. A great deal of the success of books lies in the handling of them by publishers. Now to my mind probably the most important link between publishers and booksellers is the publisher's representative. During the thirty years I have been in the business the calibre of these gentlemen has changed a great deal. It used to be said about them, and by them, that the less one of them knew about a book the easier it was to sell it. That is no longer true —if it ever was. I am in almost daily contact with these representatives and I have come to rely upon their judgment and their honesty when they

(*Continued on page 24*)

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(*Continued from page 22*)

want a window display of their books. They are increasingly sharing my belief that something should be done by *all* publishers and *all* booksellers to promote the sale of books in general. With the increase of the business during wartime they have probably profited the most, but looking into the future they note a threat. The bulk sellers are happy, as they know that their market is steady.

It has been the contention of the publishers that bookstores are the backbone of the business, and in a way it puts the bookstores in the same position as the legitimate theatre, in that producers will back a play that they know will be a flop but that has to be produced on Broadway if it runs but a few nights in order to make it saleable to Hollywood. But more and more the book peddlers are forced to take back books which have been oversold to booksellers, in order to sell a new lot. At present the tight paper situation has helped them out slightly, and they can proudly announce that such and such a book has been completely sold out and that there is no paper available to put out a new edition. This has had the happy result that the former buyers of jobs (that is of books that were a drug on the market and can be bought by them for a fraction of the original wholesale price) are now forced to do their own publishing. But as I said before, the publishers' representatives are getting worried, for they realize that after the war is over more books will be offered the public, but also that the competition will be sharper, as in a mad hunt for jobs the returned veterans will seek jobs in the publishing field, such as that of book peddler.

As they travel all over the land they should be the ambassadors of good will toward the book business in general. At present New York City is too much in the mind of the book industry as a whole, and decentralization would do a lot of good. Though the New York trade-mark is a selling point it also rouses suspicion and the widely circulated opinion that New York is a fine place to visit but "on my life I would not live here" finds the outsiders largely approving. So, besides the selling of their own firms' books they could act as emissaries for the book trade at large, and a wider credit system should be set up than is available right now. Therefore many of the smaller bookshops now depend upon the whims of a jobber who has their particular situation in the book business completely in hand.

In the meantime nothing is being done. The book business is resting on its laurels, bloated with present-day success and with little thought for the future. I was in the Army during the last war and very much of the same situation presented itself. There is at present a Council on Books in Wartime, a small organization which has performed splendidly in the promotion of books. What about a council of books in peacetime? Isn't it about time for us to begin to think about the future and how to make our business more stable and secure? There is a Federal Reserve System that has marvelously remedied the wholesale failure of banks. What about creating our own Security Reserve to serve the whole of the industry in proportion to the volume of every particular publisher's capacity to share toward a fund that would prevent the appalling rate of failures among bookstores? Was it not true that before the war bookstores seldom made any money to speak of, that very little inducement was offered in salaries to make young men and young women take bookselling up as a career? Oh, yes, it was so pleasant to sell books, but it is also pleasant to eat regularly, dress properly, and have a decent roof over your head.

Some people consider the bookstore the last stronghold of rugged individualism. I think most people share the belief that those halcyon days of everybody for himself and the devil take the hindmost are over. It is high time that the book business became organized. This means more than the A.B.A., the Book Guild Branch of the White Collar Union, and, if there is one still, the National Book Publishers Bureau. It means all of us in one organization in competition with other industries. Now how can we go about this? As it is, alas, still true that advertising is the supreme primer of added sales, institutional advertising ought to be our motto. As we are a small industry I will cite but one example of how we can tie up with what at present is but an infant industry, but which according to well-considered opinion will become one of the largest after the war is over. Remember WHAT IS A HOME WITHOUT BOOKS? Prefabricated houses are going to be the thing. We should go into consultation with the architects of these new homes and show how space can be saved by built-in bookshelves and show how books make the best and most individual wall decoration possible. We can lend variety and individuality to our shelves by accenting variety in size and color.

These are but suggestions. But let us at least get to work on a plan. More than ever does this world need a planned society. This planning needs books and the owning of books.

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Mr. Van Duym is display manager for the Scribner Bookstore, New York.

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RENDEZVOUS BY SUBMARINE. By Travis Ingham. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

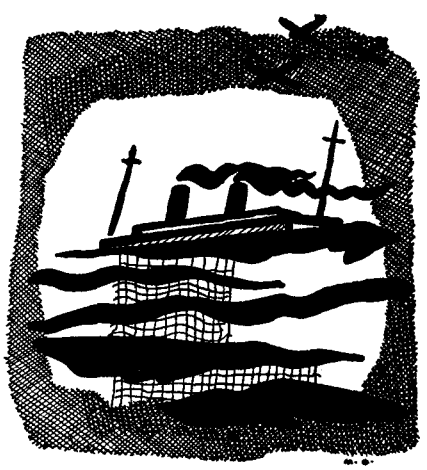
Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

I SUPPOSE by this time there are comparatively few people in the trade of letters who have not heard some part of the story of the lost submarine, but fewer still who have heard it all. Even among the latter its outlines are probably worthy of repetition, because nothing more clearly illustrates the process through which the public relations divisions of the armed services came to fail in their task of carrying the war home to the people, except down at the very end when the stories of carriers hit by kamikaze and of prisoners from German horror camps began to come out. As to the failure itself, the successive shortages of each loan drive in E bond sales, the "I wanna go home" psychology which is gripping equally the men still in the services and those who have left them, seem clear enough evidence. The damage has been done; the most we can accomplish now is to discover how it happened and how to avoid a repetition.

The story of the submarine books begins in 1942, when we were fighting for our lives against superior forces in the Pacific. The American submarine service, which up to that time no one had thought of as more than an adjunct of the fighting Navy, began to achieve successes that made the Germans look like amateurs. Already by the close of the first year of war it was seriously threatening the communications of the Japanese island empire. Whether this was due to the skill of the submarines or the failure of the enemy's counter-measures is a subject for technical debate; probably both had something to do with it. But while the Germans were losing one U-boat for every three or four Allied ships sunk, a ratio which was to decrease sharply in our favor, we were getting twenty-five or thirty Japanese ships for every submarine lost, and that ratio was to increase sharply in our favor.

Now in the American Navy a man may be assigned to a destroyer or an aircraft carrier, but nobody goes down in a submarine unless he wants to. It is a volunteer job and one in which the very highest mental and physical qualifications are demanded. Not enough volunteers were coming forward. The able and ambitious young boys were putting in for the more highly publicized air service. The Navy people accordingly requested several writing men of experience to do books about submarines—books to be issued through commercial publishers in the ordinary fashion, which should tell the public about the achievements of the submarines and at the same time reach the eyes of prospective recruits.

A group of these books is before us. As a group no better volumes have come out of the war. Mr. Casey wrote the kind of book you would expect him to write—discursive, anecdotal, the



raconteur's style at its very best, a series of fascinating tales not lacking in humor or intensity, with every now and then a blinding flash as some adventurous or tragic story is driven home with a phrase. Out in the fleet his "Torpedo Junction" ranked as the one most popular book. This one is better, containing more of the service and less of the author. No book was ever better adapted to serve a specific purpose than this one to bring volunteers for submarines.

Messrs. Frank, Horan, and Eckberg went back to the day their submarine was launched and have turned out a first-person story in which the boat herself is the protagonist. Eckberg was the sound man of a craft that sank so much Jap shipping that Radio Tokyo referred to her as " a nest of Allied submarines," and a highly placed admiral alluded to her achievements as "the best damn submarine story of the war." She was at Cavite on Pearl Harbor day; she raided the ships that came swarming down toward the Indies, and at least once single-handed wiped out an entire convoy with the escorts that are supposed to be certain death to submarines.

When they tell of such achievements sailors are inclined to be a little overreticent or a little maudlin. This book is neither. It is a narrative straight as a sword, from which emerges the story of how that happy marriage of courage and skill was achieved which made our submarines more than any other group the fleet that won the war.

Mr. Trumbull had already written "The Raft," one of the real classics of the early days of the war. He applied the same technique to the story of the submarine *Silversides,* carefully talking, and talking to every man aboard her, spurring laggard memories and building up out of many details the picture not only of the boat's adventures, but also the internal adventures of the men aboard, what went on in their minds. On a smaller scale the book has certain affinities with the group novel and, as in that form of literature, the exterior events, dramatic enough, are less important than those within. This has been done so well in the case of "Silversides" that the book is one of the few permanent contributions to literature produced by the war.

These three books with some others went to the submarine service for censorship. Numerous cuts were made, and at least in the instance of Mr. Casey's volume the author regarded them as affecting the integrity of the work. Approved with the cuts, the books went back to the publishers and again, at least in Mr. Casey's case, were set in type. Then the Navy Department said no; none of them could be published, with or without revision. They were kept on the shelf for two years.

They had a fairly reasonable case, the brass hats who put the ban on the books. A perusal of these volumes (they said) would enable either Japanese or Germans to work out the pattern of our submarine operations. The Japs would know how to counter us, the Germans how to imitate us. The case was frequently cited, in illustration of the announcement that had been allowed to creep out earlier, that one of our submarines had withstood the attack of over eighty Japanese depth charges. Shortly after that the Japs doubled the weight and power of their depth charges and we lost some submarines. The admirals would not make themselves responsible for the loss of more American lives by permitting information to be given to the enemy.

This was their case. It is noteworthy that two questions are involved. One is the matter of procedure, including the effect of information. No demon-

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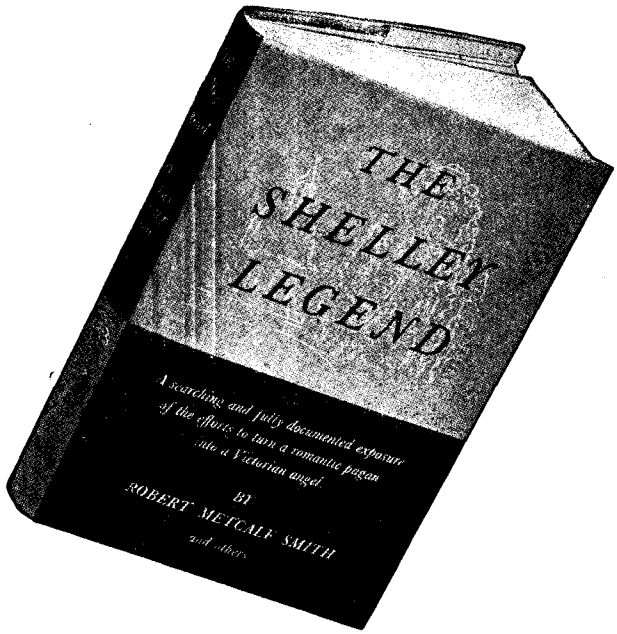
Presenting a Literary Bomb-Shell . .

The Shelley Legend

By

ROBERT METCALF SMITH

In collaboration with Martha M. Schlegel, T. G. Ehrsam and L. A. Waters

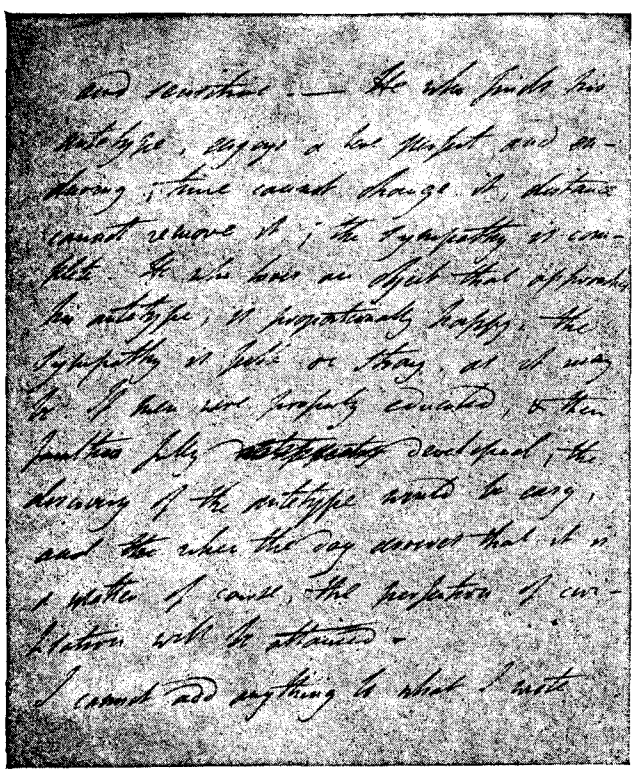

THE SHELLEY LEGEND
A searching and fully documented exposure of the efforts to turn a romantic pagan into a Victorian angel
BY
ROBERT METCALF SMITH
and others

THIS package of high-explosives marks a long step toward the final demolition of the fictitious Shelley built up after the poet's death by his wife, Mary, and his daughter-in-law, Lady Shelley.

Their well-intentioned, but misguided, efforts to clean up Shelley for the Victorian show-window have made it almost impossible to "see Shelley plain," say Dr. Smith and his collaborators. These attempts, and other chicaneries, have invested the "pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift" with the sanctified robes of Victorian piety and sentimentalism—and have befogged the whole field of Shelley biography.

The purpose of this book is to remove, as far as possible, the "white-wash" from the recorded life of Shelley. It is directed against what has been done to Shelley in the name of mistaken family devotion, not against the poet himself—who would have been the first to disapprove of what has been done in his name.

This "piece of literary detective work," as Harry Hansen calls it in the New York *World Telegram*, is the result of long research on the part of Dr. Smith and his collaborators. It is authoritative, comprehensive and thoroughly buttressed with documentary evidence.



A page from one of the "Major" Byron forgeries of a Shelley letter

One of the most interesting sections of the book deals with the forgeries of Shelley letters perpetrated by the notorious "Major" George Gordon Byron, self-styled son of Lord Byron, who was first heard of in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in 1843, once had a New York office at 40 Broadway, and through his forgeries was responsible for serious charges against Harriet Westmore, Shelley's first wife. The book contains numerous reproductions of the Byron-forgeries and a thorough scientific analysis of the various chirographies involved, by Louis Addison Waters, a handwriting expert.

Here is the story of the rapid growth of the Shelley Legend after Lady Shelley took charge of it in 1851, and of the means she employed thereafter to establish the Legend. A most important part of the book is the detailed exposure of the forgery and fraudulence that have continued to pervade Shelley biography and Shelleyana from the time of "Major" Byron to that of contemporary entrepreneurs in this lucrative field.

It is a fascinating story. Every reader who likes the best in biography will find "The Shelley Legend" full of interest, incident, startling revelations, tragedy, and sharply etched characterizations . . not only of the English Romantics, but of the whole Victorian literary world. For students of Shelley and his contemporaries, and for rare-book dealers and collectors, it is indispensable.

With Frontispiece and 35 photographs of Shelley letters and portions of manuscripts, both forged and genuine, 343 pages, appendix and index. $5.00

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stration was offered or is likely to be offered that the Japanese doubled the weight of their depth charges as a result of information received from the American press. They could tell well enough that they weren't sinking our boats by the absence of debris and oil on the surface.

Also if the argument is valid that it is impossible to write any submarine book without giving essential information to the enemy, why did the Navy ask that these books be written in the first place? Why not kill them in copy? Why pass them through once, letting the writers invest a considerable amount of time and the publishers a good deal of money before deciding they were too dangerous to print? The total strategic situation was far more favorable in the middle of 1943, when the books were sent to the burning ghats, than toward the end of 1942, when the Navy wanted them to come out. The method by which the thing was done constitutes a plain admission of stupidity on the Navy's part, a failure to estimate the conditions correctly.

So far most of the criticism of the episode that has been heard or written has been concentrated around this question of procedure. This is a mistake; the fault lies not in procedure but in fundamental policy. The Navy men are looking at the picture from the wrong end. Like all military men, they would be delighted to keep everything they do in war as close a secret as possible—"tell them nothing till the war is over and then tell them who won," as one of them put it.

Within the narrow compass of the staff view this is perfectly correct. It is virtually impossible to print anything whatever in war without sacrificing some lives. German lives were sacrificed because the Nazis allowed newspapers to print obituary notices. (They were used in prisoner questioning and in identification of units at the front.) British lives were sacrificed because Admiral Bacon of the Dover patrol wrote in his memoirs in 1920 that it was possible to use submarines on the surface at night. French lives were sacrificed because DeGaulle wrote "The Army of the Future" and the Nazis took up his ideas. American lives will certainly be lost in any next war as a result of the Ingham book, a detailed and fascinating volume about the guerrilla movement in the Philippines, what it amounted to, how it was set up and supplied by officers coming in via submarine.

The only way to avoid giving an enemy or a potential enemy information of which he may make use is to silence the press altogether on anything with the remotest relation to military topics. This was the ideal solution approximated in Japan, from whose printed material we learned nothing, because Japanese papers contained nothing but the fantastic nonsense put out by a government that "sank" a new American Navy once a month.

There are several devils to pay when people find they have been tricked and lied to like this. In fact a few of them were around our Navy Department with pitchforks after the concealment of the disaster of Savo Island. That is, the method of universal concealment simply will not work in a democracy. But this is not the essential question. The whole thing is a matter of degrees—of finding the point at which the people of a democracy have the information necessary to insure their understanding of and enthusiastic support in a war consonant with the least possible sacrifice of lives.

Who is fitted to make this decision? Perhaps publicists, men in daily contact with the people and their temper. Perhaps fighting men at the front, in daily contact with the enemy and with the feelings of their own subordinates, the men whose lives will be forfeit if mistakes are made. But the story of the lost submarine books shows that under our system the decision rested with neither of these groups. It was arrogated to themselves by officers behind desks in Washington, whose most vital concern in this field was the preservation of their air of being high priests of a secret mystery, while they forgot that revelations which may be of some value to the enemy are often of far more importance to the people on one's own side.

Good-Hearted Soil

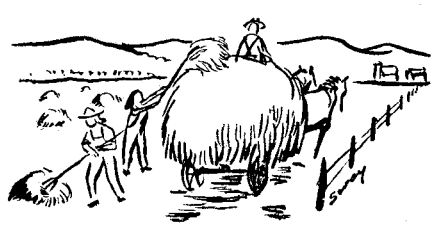
PAY DIRT. Farming & Gardening with Composts. By J. I. Rodale, with an introduction by Sir Albert Howard. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. 1945. 240 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RUSSELL LORD

THE British have a saying seldom heard in this country. They say that a soil is "in good heart." The living heart of a soil, as they see it, is organic matter, humus. Sir Albert Howard is progenitor of a school of thought in Britain which has held with increasing vehemence for the past five years that such good-heartedness is the all-in-all of soil fertility; that mineral "artificials"—commercial fertilizers, we call them—are not only useless but dangerous to soil and to human health.

Groups have arisen here as in Europe and New Zealand to propagate such doctrine. Some of these groups sell a secret powder or potion to hasten the humidification of organic waste materials. Still others are given to incantations and rites. Well, if one must worship mysteries and wonders, compost can qualify; for out of the fermenting, dead, decaying heap comes life; out of corruption, incorruption. And there can be no doubt that the organic renewal of life in soil has been the grossly neglected part of our farming and gardening in America.

That is why I, for one, have always felt it a shame that initial preachments on composting in this country should have involved so much of cultish monkeyshines and mumbo-jumbo. Sir Albert's school of thought has, happily, always stood clear of that. But Sir Albert and his most ardent followers have become of late rather too sharply uncompromising in their claims and attitudes, and too shrill. Organics Only is their watchword; artificials are "devil's dust." The generality of advanced American experience, not given to doctrinaire fiat, would hold more simply, as Louis Bromfield does in "Pleasant Valley," that under modern conditions of stress and cropping, hard-worked soils need both organic and inorganic renewal.



Sir Albert is Contributing Editor of *Organic Farming,* a magazine that Fred Rodale, the present author, edits at Emmaus, Pennsylvania. Rodale left the city and bought a farm when he read Howard's book five years ago. His farm experiences, plus a lack, perhaps, of the mental rigidity which comes with maturity, have led him to present a more malleable and gently reasonable version of the organic panacea that Howard first laid down in "The Agricultural Testament," 1940. "Pay Dirt" is a good book. It will arouse contention, without closing the way completely to the unregenerate who still like a shot of acid phosphate or even — horrid words — ammonium sulfate, in their compost. Himself a beginner at farming, Mr. Rodale gives explicit and valuable directions for making and applying compost. He encourages people who know nothing about farming and gardening by laying down a tenable and useful precept: Work with Nature, and you may be rewarded. Unnatural, high-powered methods complicate gardening and farming unduly. You can't cheat Nature; and you can't fight her, and win.

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Country Doctor

THE MUSIC IS GONE. By LeGarde S. Doughty. New York: Duell, Sloan Pearce. 1945. 214 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

DR. WILL GRAY considered himself merely a country doctor, the last of the tribe in fact, but he would have refused to exchange his lot for that of any city specialist, proud of his "hell-bent anchorage to the hills of God's wrath" because it was there that he could minister to underprivileged humanity and practice medicine as an art, not a business. The meaning of such a man to the poor, ignorant folk of a single county in Georgia forms the theme of Mr. Doughty's first novel.

After a dramatic opening chapter, in which the physician's wife meets a sudden and tragic death, little seems to happen. Yet in the course of the story Dr. Gray forces recalcitrant poli-

ticians to drain a marsh that is endangering the health of the community, helps an ambitious boy by precept, example, and financial backing to pursue his medical studies, and saves a young girl from an imperilling heritage by fostering her love of music. The doctor's life meshes with that of his patients, and somehow we, too, become participants when he "births" a baby or sews up the wounds of men slashed in a brawl, when he muses on the passionless strength of a typical "brood woman," or on the progeny of illustrious old Southern families in whom a taste for imported wine has degenerated into a lust for native liquor.

The quiet tale is well written and skilfully developed; details of the practice of medicine in a small community, some of them quite professional, furnish a springboard for the doctor's reflections on human fallibility. If at times these reflections seem more mellow than ripe and a little too consonant with the doctor's liking for Liszt's *Liebestraum*, at others they reveal the kind of sophisticated insight that derives from an encompassing experience.

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Glamor Warriors of Russia

THE COSSACKS. By Maurice Hindus. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 321 pp. $3.

Reviewed by EDMUND STEVENS

NOTHING is more indicative of the evolving cadence of the Russian Revolution than the present status of the Cossacks. In the early days of the Soviet regime their name was anathema, synonymous with the blackest Czarist reaction. Today they have regained much of their old privileged status.

Originally rebels against feudal tyranny—runaway serfs and outlaws who camped on the empire's frontiers beyond the reach of authority—in the nineteenth century the Cossacks became a pampered military caste, the watchdogs of autocracy. In the civil war that followed the October Revolution they supplied the backbone of the White Armies. Sullen and bitter against the new regime, which at first sought to erase their identity along with their old way of life, they resisted collectivization tooth and nail. They were defeated, but thereafter the Soviet government wooed their loyalties. In a short time the Cossack regions became one of the most prosperous parts of collectivized rural Russia. Then in 1936, at one stroke of the pen, the old Cossack regiments were restored with all their pageantry and traditions. In the war they measured up to the trust placed in them.

The story of this adventurous and colorful people is packed with human drama. Maurice Hindus, in his latest book, "The Cossacks," has worked hard to set it down. He has drawn on many sources, folklore, literature, and his own copious notes from three widely separated trips to the Kuban Cossack country, the last in 1944. Unfortunately he has not succeeded in weaving his copious and cumbersome material into a connected whole. He mingles the past and the present in a manner that is, to say the least, confusing. He has failed to sort out the significant from the insignificant and his redundancy is sometimes almost maddening. Thus he reiterates over and over that the Cossacks are good fighters and good horsemen, that they have their own special ways of fighting, that they take good care of their horses, that they love strong drink and revelry, and a host of other truisms. To illustrate his point he describes again and again almost identical banquets given in his honor when his hosts practically forced him to guzzle tumblerfuls of vodka. Likewise redundant are his passages on the suffering and destruction caused by the Germans. Thus, on three different pages he says that the Germans introduced venereal disease into the Kuban, always as though he were imparting this information for the first time.

Perhaps this repetitiousness is caused by Hindus's own awareness that his treatment of the subject somehow misses the mark, that his words do not express the spirit, vitality, and richness of color he intended to convey. For, besides poor organization and editing, "The Cossacks" suffers from what might best be characterized as lack of spontaneity, as though every paragraph had been delivered with forceps.

Though, as Hindus repeatedly asserts, the Cossacks are proverbially witty and vivid of speech, little of the sparkle and flavor survives in his lacklustre treatment, and his many direct quotes consist of stereotyped answers to stereotyped questions.

In fact it is apparent that in dealing with the Cossacks Hindus is out of his element and beyond his literary depth. He would have done better by himself and his reading audience had he dealt instead with his own dependable native White Russian village, which he revisited last year after its liberation from the Germans.

Despite these structural and literary shortcomings, "The Cossacks" still provides some useful fill-ins for the broad canvas of contemporary Russia. Hindus's industry deserves commendation, and much of the information he has gathered is interesting and fresh.

Imprimatur

By S. L. M. B.

(For Leonara Speyer on her recent birthday)

IN all the chapter of her lovely face
There is no solecism writ,
Only, uncancelled by aught commonplace,
Her lyric wit;

The subtle rubric of her mouth, the gifted
Turn of phrase or cheek, and this:
The disconcerting, archéd eye-brows lifted
In parenthesis.

To rhyme the shoulder and the hand, what art
Devised the verses of her breeding?
Snowy-margined book to know by heart!
(I know from reading.)

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Argentine Matriarch

MEMORY AND DESIRE. By Mary Main. New York: The Dial Press. 1945. 283 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

IN the early days of this century the wealthy landowners of the Argentine maintained a state of feudal aristocracy. Bound by the traditions of old Spain, these great families represented an elegant, arrogant society in which the head of the house was master not only of the destinies of his immediate household, but of his children's children, his servants, and the hundreds of families who lived on the estancias and were dependent on him for their daily bread. Though many of the owners of the great estancias lived in Buenos Aires and scorned the rusticity of the Pampas, though they became sophisticated and urbane and fashionable, the land represented their security and their pride, and they returned to it periodically "as a prince returns to his principality . . . even in the city the porteño tried to prolong his patriarchal role by gathering his whole family beneath one vast roof; he liked to sit for hours over a lavish table surrounded by his children and his children's children. His very faults and virtues were the faults and virtues of such a tradition."

It is of one such family that Mary Main writes—the family of Sanabria Aldan, presided over by the matriarch Dona Amalia. Dona Amalia, early widowed and very glad to be rid of her unloved husband, ruled her numerous family with a rod of iron. Stubborn, impervious to criticism, arrogant, wilful, and vain, she dominated the lives of her eight children, but herself she could not manage so well, and she broke her heart over a worthless scamp of an adventurer who married her for her money. This is her story, but it is also the story of a score of other characters, the elaborate chronicle of a dozen subsidiary plots. Her children, whom she never loved, both feared and hated her, but intrigued for her favor. She married them off to partners whom she chose for them, and she never let them leave her roof. She lavished her maternal feelings on the illegitimate daughter of her servant girl who had been seduced by her husband; her own children she despised and thwarted, and she drove one of them to suicide without turning a hair.

Miss Main's first novel is story-telling in the great tradition, fast moving, dramatic, full of tangled loves and hates. It is to her credit as a narrator that she makes these characters credible while one follows the engrossing action of the book. Only when the reader has put it down does he begin to suspect that these people move rather too obediently as puppets on the ends of elaborately manipulated strings. However this may be, she has written a tremendously interesting book, and a vivid and authentic picture of a regime which is passing into memory. Her story covers the period from 1910 until the present, but Miss Main has touched only briefly on the political events of the times. The background against which her characters move is the rich, colorful, earthy life of the estancia, and the self-sufficient, rigidly conventional metropolitan isolation of the wealthy porteños, as the citizens of Buenos Aires are called. To these people the war was something remote, an inconvenience, perhaps, but merely something over which one shook one's head and murmured "que barbaridad!" Miss Main discreetly avoids any further political implications. Her book remains a picture of a ruthless and dominating woman, and a picture of a fabulous regime, full of color and brilliance and authentic atmosphere.

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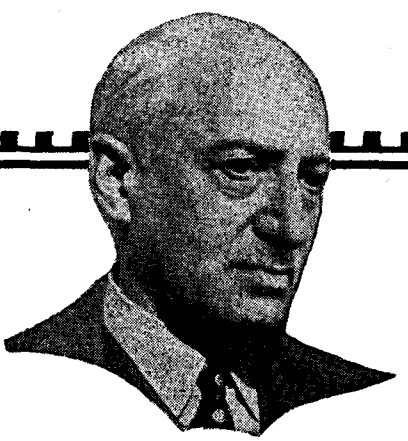

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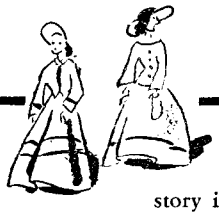

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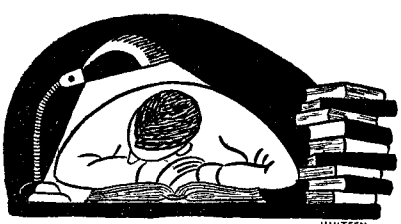
THE GAY DESERTERS. By R. V. C. Bodley. New York: Creative Age Press. 1945. 296 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

R. V. C. BODLEY, you may remember, is that Eton-Sandhurst-Kings Royal Rifle Corps man who, having gallantly served in World War I, gave up his army career and went to Arabia to live with the nomads of the desert. "Wind in the Sahara," the intimate story of his seven years' adventure, published some time after Mr. Bodley's return to Western civilization, was a fine book, rich in both information and original thinking.

There is no lack of information in the background material of the present volume either—a novel of sorts and, as we learn, the twelfth book to come from the author's pen. After traveling in the Dutch East Indies, in China, Japan, and the South Sea Islands, he came to Hollywood and has now settled down in this country. It goes without saying that a man of his experience has gained a good insight into what is known as the International Set—a rather vague term, today, and denominating groups as apart from each other in their origins as the impoverished remnants of mediatized princes and the pleasure-seeking *nouveaux riches* of Café Society, including its criminal fringes. Being in Paris when France collapsed—he had been found too old to perform active service again—Mr. Bodley has watched that coterie getting out of France quick, "tempest-tost" fugitives of a kind Emma Lazarus may hardly have dreamed of in writing her famous verses for the Statue of Liberty. He has kept a keen eye on that clique and its ways in this country. The picture which he now paints of them is downright mordant.



Privileged émigrés have always been the object of mordant satire. The airs of the exiled Stuartites were the laughing stock of Versailles; everybody quite loathed the Paris noblemen and would-be aristocrats in the Coblenz of 1791; and Juniper Hall, somewhat later the den of an assorted crew of French expatriates, was anything but popular with the British. In short, the aversion toward foreigners of the leisure class seems to be a natural reaction in a healthy country, and surely the most understandable species of xenophobia in times of war. Ludwig Bemelmans, in his "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," has given some delightfully humorous glimpses into the nightclubbing "refugee" world of pre- and post-Pearl Harbor New York. Mr. Bodley's treatment is much more elaborate and much less delightfully humorous.

In fact, it isn't humorous at all. For the author mixes witty and even riotous scenes of legitimate satire with a gravely tender love story and a full share of unctuous editorializing—and thereby kills all three of his themes. As the story gets under way, the Levantine brigand-count Oberon Ischak and his fat-encased spouse Berengaria, together with their sycophant retinue, come pretty close to being masterpieces of mad drollery; Oberon's subsequent conversion to Main Street virtues is simply impossible. Suburban Millingham, L. I., is exquisitely drawn; its encounter with, and metamorphosis through, the Ischaks leads to plain harlequinade. On the other hand, the Sir Galahad (minus chastity) of the book, an Austrian ex-cavalry officer by the name of Franz Seidler, carries his moral demands around from the very first moment up to the last, as a

Deferred Resolution

By Josephine Johnson

WHILE the chord is unresolved the music lingers;
It is not forgotten—it cannot be laid by.
Suddenly, in the crowded street, at the peak of noonday, the ghostly fingers
Lift from the keyboard, the note arrested, a broken sigh. . . .

And the day is clouded. Something was left unfinished,
Not to be put away and labeled "ended".
Now once again, unresolved, though dimmed and diminished,
I must remember you . . . the letter unanswered . . . the music suspended. . . .

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sandwichman carries around his poster. He is a bore.

The actual heroes of Mr. Bodley's novel are the youngsters: Claude de Berny, whose father has died in a German prison camp (and who stands a good chance of finding a stepfather in Captain Seidler); Paul, the son of a handsome Belgian woman kept by a Wall Street broker; Anne and Carolus, the offspring of the wealthy Balkan couple, and, last but not least, Isidore Friedberg. The story, or what there is of it, ends with one of those children's crusade melodramas which seem to have become the fashion with popular war fiction of late.

Mr. Bodley's righteous indignation about the disgusting insouciance of these "war guests" in face both of the national emergency of their hosts and the plight of their own countries, remains ineffective in the medium he has chosen, and sometimes even defeats its own purpose. Besides, the whole matter isn't as simple as that (how about the present "nylon spirit," for instance?)—and, come to think of it, is not overly important. Fair-minded people are not likely to judge 250,000 *bona fide* refugees by the tasteless antics of a handful of well-groomed merrymakers; and those who make it their business to find faults with post-1933 immigrants anyway will probably also dislike the hard-working Friedbergs and the hard-fighting Seidlers among them.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 127

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 127 will be found in the next issue.

GOVS KWWDA, GOVS KDRZOPOSA; XW VWWT KRX MS VROXGROXST YFOGS FXRDGSZST GNZWFUN GNS KWFZAS WP NWFZA.

—GNS VRUOK VWFXGROX.

—GNWVRA VRXX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 126

PEOPLE WHO HAVE NO WEAKNESSES ARE TERRIBLE; THERE IS NO WAY OF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THEM.

—THE DAUGHTER OF CLEMENTINE.
—ANATOLE FRANCE.

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THE CRAFT OF POETRY

(*Continued from page* 9)

to consider it ominous, at the next he suggests that it indicates

> something of the new power which Saintsbury wrote of and Lanier foresaw.

Furthermore, as in the lines devoted to Bridges's "Testament of Beauty," Mr. Shapiro frequently skims too lightly and inconsiderately over his subject, dropping it just as we expect him to become interesting or revealing. The same weakness is shown in the end of the first section—a mixture of inconclusiveness, inaccuracy, and truism:

> The measure of prosody is the current speech,
> The cadences inherent in the voice
> Of one particular generation. Each
> Has its own standard, and no choice exists
> Between the past and present. Before he sang
> Man spoke, and wrote his deeds before his songs.
> The fountain of rime wells from a central source,
> The language of understanding; all else proceeds
> From this, from the time of David to our day
> And whether in epic, psalm or roundelay.

The poem gets better as it progresses. In the second section there is much good comment; the description of Whitman is excellent, the dangers behind the technique of Auden are acutely discussed, and there are some wise generalizations:

> There is a general idiom to all rime.
> A special idiom to one generation,
> And, thirdly, the idiom of the single pen.

And, as the subject matter moves from description to analysis, and the analysis deepens into concern, the writing becomes richer, more metaphorical, more poetic. It becomes—what it is not in the first section—the articulation of a general dilemma, and hence involves not individual divagations based on private reflection, but emotional problems that are general to our time. The subject matter is still confusion, but there is much less confusion in the presentation. Often there are eloquence and accuracy, and phrasing that is memorable and moving.

And yet even the latter part of this essay, for all its engaging qualities, its honesty, its seriousness, and its concern, is peripheral, not central, is not quite poetry. It is about and around, not in and at, its subject; the outer circles of the target are struck and pierced, the bull's eye is rarely hit. The last section—The Confusion in Belief—challenges comparison with

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

QUESTIONS ASKED BY CHARACTERS

Quoted below are 20 questions asked by characters in well-known poems. How many of them can you identify? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 39.

1. Is this the face that launched a thousand ships?
2. Why don't you speak for yourself, John?
3. If I can rid your town of rats, will you give me a thousand guilders?
4. What writest thou?
5. By thy long gray beard and glittering eye, now wherefore stopp'st thou me?
6. Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff? Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!
7. Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest? thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed?
8. Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my hand?
9. Now who will stand on either hand and keep the bridge with me?
10. Will you walk into my parlor?
11. Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried: but what shall we do for a ring?
12. You that are sneering at my profession, haven't you juggled a vast amount?
13. Should not the dove so white follow the sea-mew's flight? Why did they leave that night her nest unguarded?
14. Children dear, was it yesterday we heard the sweet bells over the bay?
15. But, soft! what light at yonder window breaks?
16. Are you old enough to marry, do you think? Won't you wait till you are eighty in the shade?
17. We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?
18. Isn't God upon the ocean just the same as on the land?
19. Why did you melt your waxen man, Sister Helen?
20. She smiled, no doubt, whenever I passed her; but who passed without much the same smile?

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Auden's "New Year Letter": both poets survey the contemporary emotional scene from the writer's point of view, both are conversationally informal in tone, both cover a wide range with intelligence and vivacity. But Auden's poem leads to something; Shapiro's does not. Shapiro's conclusion is stuck on to his fabric; it is not a logical end to his argument. His last lines are:

> In the above
> I have tried to indicate no more than that
> The aftermath of poetry should be love.

Actually he has done nothing of the sort, nor if he had would the indication have been acceptable. Love is not merely the "aftermath" of poetry; it is its beginning, its being, its essence, its end; only in the most limited sense could it be called its aftermath. Like so many of Mr. Shapiro's observations, this last one, while it sounds well at first, will not bear analysis.

As a summary, frequently more wisely and delightfully articulate than any we have had before, of the confusions confronting a modern poet, Mr. Shapiro's "Essay" will be of great use to the critics. Here is a poet saying what they would like to say and saying it better than they can. But I doubt if the "Essay" will help the poets. Probably it wasn't meant to help them; another poet's comment on the poetical situation is rarely useful to a contemporary. The really important problem, as I suggested at the beginning, is how the writing of this "Essay" will affect Mr. Shapiro himself. Will it be a clearing of the ground, a chopping down of trees, and an act of rock-removal so that he can build his own house and plant his own garden? Or will his future poetry have been made muscle-bound by the exercise? These are serious questions, for Mr. Shapiro is a very talented poet, needed by our civilization, and anyone concerned with our poetic future will look forward to the answers with eager concern.

A Novel of Budding Nazism

YEARS BEFORE THE FLOOD. By Marianne Roane. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 296 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

MISS ROANE'S novel starts out with the journey of John Rant, American importer, to his cousin and business connection Friedrich Rant, toy manufacturer of Gundelfingen, Germany. During his short stay in the small Swabian town, John comes to know that there are dangerous shoals beneath the surface of the happy union of self-centered busy Friedrich and his wife Eleonore, a sort of potential Madame Bovary full of lazy dreams and capricious wishes. And there are undercurrents of violence and turmoil also in the depths of the dully idyllic life of a German provincial town in the quiet year of 1927. Friedrich seems unaware of these danger spots, but when his most trusted assistant, Brozic, a designer of Czech origin, is attacked and almost lynched by the youthful members of a patriotic hiking club, he makes up his mind to leave Germany and to go to America. His wife follows him some time later, after having toyed with the idea of leaving him and beginning a romance with Doctor Steinhuber, the leader of the hiking club. The story of Friedrich, Eleonore, John, and half a dozen other characters is interwoven with that of thirteen-year-old Magdelone Rant and her little cousin Peter, and the chapters describing the discovery of the grown-up world by the children is filled with a peculiar, poetical charm.

Miss Roane has a sufficiently genuine talent for storytelling and character portrayal to need more than polite applause, to merit instead a word of warning against too much hurry and too easy satisfaction, and a little advice on the bitter yet wholesome drug of discipline.

"Years Before the Flood" is not *yet* a novel. It is an interesting first instalment, a fine sketch, an excellent collection of raw material—but not yet an integrated work.

It is not enough for a novelist to have a burning and loving interest in mankind, a sharp sense of observation, plenty of imagination, and the gift of invention. A novel is more than the sum of slices of life. A novel needs planning and composition and economy of artistic means and the driving power of character—and plot-development. And of all that there is too little in Miss Roane's book.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 608)

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(A PRAYER)

God of all nations and of all men, give us the wisdom to perceive the mutuality of mankind. . . . Give us the understanding by which we may know good from evil, and the courage and strength to fortify the one and to destroy the other.

*From a prayer written and delivered Sunday, May 2, 1943, before a congregation of all faiths at Norwalk, Conn., on the occasion of the observance of a Day of Compassion for Jews victimized by Nazi persecution.

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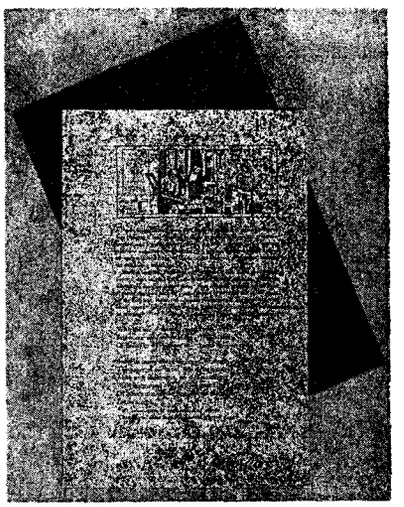

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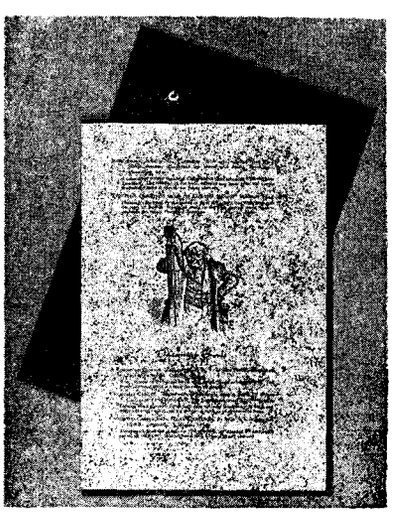

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the Phoenix Nest

NOT that it probably matters superlatively, but in some things I have said concerning Big Business in the past, or the Big Boys, as they object to being called, and certain gibes I have aimed at the so-called system of Free Enterprise, I do not seem to have made my attitude altogether clear. The reason for being for large corporations I find particularly well expressed by Henry A. Wallace, whom certain industrialists regard as a dangerous crack-pot. He has written:

> The system of free enterprise is based upon the willingness of the businessman to accept risk. As technology grew, as our economy expanded, and as large-scale production came to dominate the economic process, the individual found it impossible to undertake such huge ventures alone. To fill this need the corporation had the soundest reasons for coming into being.

But Wallace has also diagnosed the trouble with the corporation in operation as the "perversion of its instruments and their misdirection by small, powerful, privileged groups for purposes they were never intended to achieve." It is this exceedingly dangerous monopolistic tendency that government should and must curb. This is hardly radical doctrine. But even if it were it would still be true. The most powerful groups who shout so about the preservation of Free Enterprise are often just the ones who have made it less free. I believe in the small man being able to start out and build up his own business in his own way, provided that way is honest and fair to his employees. I believe in competition, not of the dog-eat-dog kind, but reasonable and fair-and-square competition. I believe in people being able to exercise their own initiative. But we don't allow people to exercise their own initiative to the extent of walking into other people's homes and taking away their property. We have laws against that. A great deal of business competition ruthlessly uses brass knuckles. We should have laws against that. We need laws to prevent private individuals from acquiring too much power; and money, unfortunately, is power.

I know it is too bad that I am interested in the world today, in politics, in business, in all that sort of thing. I should stay in the library. So I stay in the library and turn up something said by the novelist, MacKinlay Kantor, the other day. MacKinlay Kantor has been known to write for *The Saturday Evening Post*. He has also written a statement of mere fact. It is this: "Two-thirds of the families of the world's richest nation have incomes amounting to less than $1,500 a year." Period. That's that. The statistics are not original with Mr. Kantor; but I thank him for stating them. Why should I care? I once made as much as ten thousand dollars a year; I have enough to live on. But what gives me pause is just that simple statement. In a reasonable world the fact would seem incredible.

I have observed newspaper headlines now referring to the unemployed as "Idle." Doubtless that is because the word is shorter and you need short words for headlines, even though they are short and ugly. If I were unemployed through no fault of my own I would not fancy being referred to as "Idle." The two words have entirely different connotations. Congress seems to have deeply pondered the unemployment problem and to have come up with the profound conclusion that there "ain't going to be any"—not to matter, what's a few million? They'll just be Idle.

* * *

Well, boys and girls, on to brighter things; but first I will purvey to you a quatrain sent me by Jane D. Wise of New Rochelle, N. Y.:

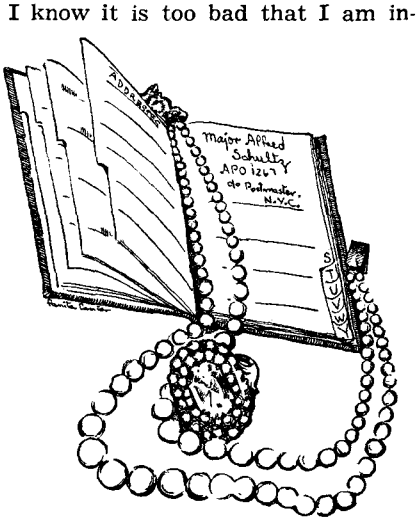
RADDIO

Alack my ear, that tender organ,
Trained to the sounds of English pure
Is now assaulted by announcers
Who charge that I'm a connie-sure.

* * *

I am glad to print the following announcement which comes from England via Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont:

> It is many months since Laurence Binyon died. His noble gifts as a poet are widely recognized; one of his poems, "For the Fallen," has become part of England's national inheritance. His love for the masters of English water-color painting, for Turner, Girtin, and Cotman, for Blake and his followers, for the arts of India, China, and Japan, stirred thousands in both hemispheres. He found his greatest pleasure and enlightenment in visits to other countries, in appreciation of their ways of life and thought.
>
> A committee met in October of last year to devise a Memorial to Laurence Binyon. A letter announcing their project was published in *The Times* (London). A similar announcement will appear in *The Atlantic Monthly*.
>
> It is the hope of the committee that a fund will finally be available that will suffice for the establishment of a Bursary at the University



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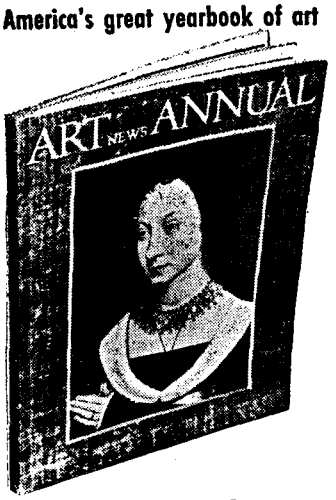

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of Oxford, open to all its members—men and women, British and foreign; and ample enough not only to insure that its tenure shall be a memorable experience but also to enable some of the students to make journeys to the Far East and to India. At present the amount received is about £600; but it is probable that the published appeal has failed to reach many who would welcome the opportunity of subscribing to it.

Laurence Binyon believed that art and beauty are in the nature of a common language, uniting all nations, accessible to everyone. With this in mind, the committee appeal for the generous support of all those who would commemorate him by a foundation of this kind.

On the English committee are Gordon Bottomley, Atul Chatterjee, Walter de la Mare, T. S. Eliot, John Masefield, William Rothenstein, Logan Pearsall Smith, George Bernard Shaw, and many others. Any donations will be gratefully received by Mr. R. C. Trevelyan, Hon. Treasurer, The Shiffolds, Holmbury St. Mary, Dorking, England. Checks should be made payable to the Binyon Memorial Fund.

* * *

IMBRIUM MARE

"A so-called sea in the northeast quadrant of the moon"

Is there rain on Imbrium Mare?
Is there light? How late, how soon?
Do the waves of Imbrium Mare
Trail the frozen beaches of the moon,
Those pale forlorn far reaches
Where the mind's rare creatures play
As the foam of Imbrium Mare
Floods caverns of a phasmal bay?

In the dark I breathed *Imbrium Mare,*
And a light came through the gloom.
All the ghosts of Imbrium Mare
Were there in the moonlit room;
And the image of Imbrium Mare
Was a danger for my feet
Where it wavered like a veiling
On my eyes in the hot bright street.

Who lulls me from Imbrium Mare—
Ah, what phantom from what wave?
Where in foam-fire Imbrium Mare
Lost dreams their garments lave.
O breathe not *Imbrium Mare*
Lest your heart know the truth too soon
Of unfading Imbrium Mare
In the far dark quadrant of the moon.

Naturally you pronounce *Imbrium Mare* not as a female horse but according to your love of the Latin tongue; and I fear the above poem is not for the people who are deadly literal.

* * *

The Nest's Old Mandarin (who eats us for soup), Christopher Morley, contributes the following: A *chose vue:*

CHILD AT STREET CORNER

I see you there,
Pure uplifted gaze and look seraphic
Like a Botticelli angel,
Worshipful, serene—
A nun at prayer? St. Francis's poor Clare?
No, waiting for the traffic
Light, until the change 'll
Turn from Red to Green.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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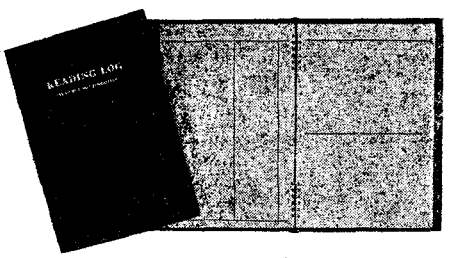

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November Maples

By Raymond Holden

LOOK where the winds unflower
The once leaf-flowered tree
But do not look to see
Green's tragic brevity,
Rather its history.

This now dismantling hour
Makes volatile and brief
The aspect, not the leaf,
And leaves to time in fief
A greenness of belief.

When these bright skeletons,
Gray-jewelled, articulate,
Quivered in summer's spate
Of maple-green, their fate
Was equal green and slate.

We too were covered once
With morning-colored light.
Horizons all were bright.
Winter was but a night
And the sun's height our height.

Look to the maples now
That in their veteran dress
Of wind-spun nakedness
Profess, as men profess,
Life that is limitless;

That makes a vital show
In the grain of flesh and wood
Of all that ever stood
For change from ill to good,
Thought's fuel and action's food;

That says, "When youth is gone
"It does not lie congealed,
"It is not lost but sealed
"In next year's fresher yield
"Of fertile mind and field;

"Though wind tear trees to bone
"And man destroy his race
"This practiced life will place
"Again before the face
"Green evidence of grace."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
NOBODY LOVES A DEAD MAN *M. M. Raison* (Murray & Gee: $2.)	N. Y. dramatic critic, Hollywood bound, meets luscious gal who is mixed up with him in two murders.	Rather confusing jamboree of crime, cinema cuties, and various varieties of intrigue. Lieut. Holden, of Hollywood homicide squad, keeps matters controlled.	So-so
THE DEAD MEN GRIN *Bruno Fischer* (McKay: $2.)	Family connection advises private op. Helm of possible murder. It happens—and several more. But Helm gets the killer.	Up-state New York village and surrounding woodland scene of pretty terrifying crime-sequence. Well-worked-out and suspenseful.	Good
BEWARE AFTER DARK *Editor—* *T. Everett Harré* (Emerson: $2.50)	Twenty-one tales of "mystery, horror, thrills, and terror" by assorted practitioners, American and foreign.	Very good collection. Editor digs up forgotten old-timers, which still pack thrill, and generally avoids too-well beaten anthologist's path.	Worthwhile owning
MURDER BEFORE MIDNIGHT *A. B. Cunningham* (Dutton: $2.)	Body of girl at bottom of abandoned cistern on Southern farm gives Sheriff Jess Roden complicated case to untangle.	Roden, Nig, and Big-boy officiate capably throughout dramatic and effective tale of village villainy—with help of gun-totin' female.	Good grade Roden
"IN RE SHERLOCK HOLMES" *August Derleth* (Mycroft & Moran: $2.50)	Thirteen stories of Solar Pons, London sleuth, and his faithful follower, Dr. Lyndon Parker.	Frankly modelled on Holmes's stories, these pastiches stand pretty firmly on their own deductive flat-feet.	For specialists
THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY *Helen McCloy* (Morrow: $2.)	Scottish estate of Lord Ness, scene of disturbing and violent deeds, unravelled, mainly, by American Lieut. Dunbar, psychiatrist in civil life.	Strange case, set against diverting background, is capably handled—along mental lines—although development is rather slow and denouement far-fetched.	Not quite the *real* McCloy
THE OPENER OF THE WAY *Robert Bloch* (Arkham House: $3.)	Twenty-one tales of supernatural horror most of them fatal to somebody and scened all over the globe.	"Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper," is best of lot but others will satisfactorily chill addicts of this kind of yarn.	B-r-r-r!

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Entertaining Capers

UNCLE 'LISH. By Ralph Frye. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1945. 197 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

UNCLE 'LISH, a retired old sea-dog whose language would blister the paint off a house, is amusingly presented in these sketches through the innocent eyes of a small boy, his grandnephew. The ancient mariner (no stranger to readers of *The New Yorker*) comes sharply alive on page one when the boy, aged five, announces at school: "My Uncle 'Lish says that the *Mayflower* was a top-heavy old bitch."

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If your list includes a masculine convalescent with a stomach for strong language and wounds sufficiently healed to warrant laughter, Uncle 'Lish should cheer him. The book provides light refreshment of superior quality.

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1. "Doctor Faustus," by Christopher Marlowe. 2. Priscilla, in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," by Longfellow. 3. "The Pied Piper," by Browning. 4. "Abou Ben Adhem," by Leigh Hunt. 5. The Wedding Guest, in "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge. 6. "Father William," by Lewis Carroll. 7. Porphyro, in "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats. 8. "Macbeth," by Shakespeare. 9. "Horatius," by Thomas Macaulay. 10. The Spider, in "The Spider and the Fly," by Mary Howitt. 11. The Pussycat, in "The Owl and the Pussycat," by Edward Lear. 12. "Juggling Jerry," by George Meredith. 13. "The Skeleton in Armor," by Longfellow. 14. "The Forsaken Merman," by Matthew Arnold. 15. Romeo, in "Romeo and Juliet," by Shakespeare. 16. Ko-Ko, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert. 17. Lord Thomas Howard, in "The Revenge," by Tennyson. 18. The captain's daughter, in "Ballad of the Tempest," by James T. Fields. 19. Little brother, in "Sister Helen," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. 20. The Duke of Ferrara, in "My Last Duchess," by Browning.

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

CONSTANTLY I receive letters questioning my use of a particular word in a DC as not worth knowing to the puzzler, or expressing disappointment at the variable degree of ease or difficulty of the DC's as a whole. I wish that I could give every one of you an object lesson in the mechanics of making DC's—not just one but a hundred or more DC's. In these eleven years I have made nigh unto 1600 DC's involving over 40,000 words. When I'm stuck at the end with several left over, I cannot remake the entire puzzle to include some word of my choice. I'm only too glad to find a combination of letters, familiar or otherwise, to end the struggle. While occasionally I do make a DC easy or difficult by choice for definite reasons, as a rule the make-up of the quotation conditions the words I can use. An excess of t's, e's, and such means a shortage of the odds and ends of letters that give variety to said make-up. I do not always like the outcome any more than you do. If I did such a DC over again I should fare no better, I know from experience. And if I have chosen that particular quotation for a special reason, I can't afford to throw it overboard if I can find any solution in it. Finally, some of you would always find our DC's too easy and others would find them too difficult. Not only the individual method of approach, but long practice in tackling DC's has much to do with solving them. Some of you acquire a DC sense which many never attain. The "know-how" has so much to do with the fun of puzzling as well as one's opinion of the individual puzzle. In the back of my head has long lived a desire to stage a DC exhibition for our New York DCers: to present one DC and mingle with you while you work it out. The problem would be to secure enough anagram letters for use on such a large scale and to hire the room needed—all involving an expense that may not be warranted. But wouldn't it be fun?

Tributes to the unusual personality of the late Prof. James Taft Hatfield, as well as comment on his enjoyment of DC's, have come from his Evanston friends, Prof. Harris Franklin Rall, Garrett Biblical Institute, and Mrs. Joel Hunter, whose brother was a contemporary of his on the Northwestern faculty. Mrs. Hunter had made her first DC to interest him, but he did not live to see it.

Mrs. Davis Baker, Glens Falls, N.Y., finds great fun in making DC's for her friends and she thinks that they like to do them. Last summer Morris Ernst and his family tried their hands at doing them so successfully that they decided to try them out on friends in hospitals. A suggestion for the rest of you!

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 609

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 35 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A snob; a toady (Anglo-Irish; used contemptuously). — 41 44 62 181 53 11 186

B. Monster of 100 heads, fearful eyes and voices (Gr. Myth.) — 100 51 141 155 81 45 40 7

C. Vivid (Psychol.) — 37 1 166 50 117 102 84

D. A fine variety of Irish oyster. — 144 184 147 165 182 27 139 61 13

E. English statesman and historian (1609-74; "History of the Rebellion"). — 85 120 63 42

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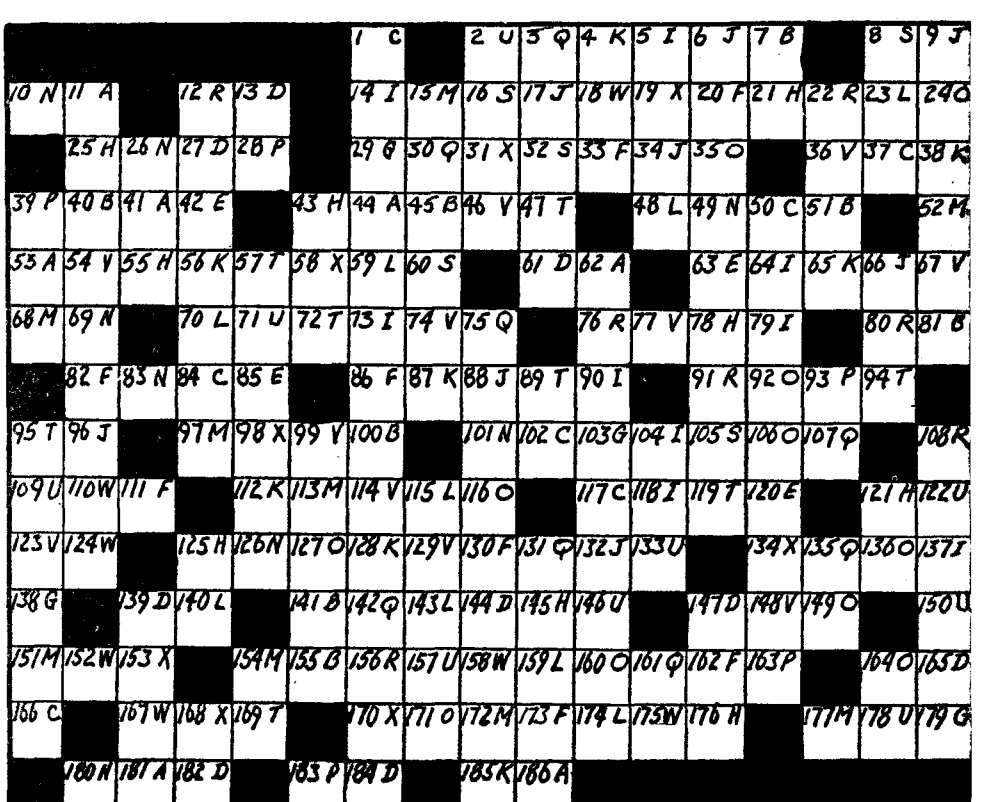
W. Swallows up; overwhelms. — 124 175 152 18 110 167 158

X. Artistic work composed shortly before death, or at the end of an artistic period. — 19 170 98 153 134 168 58 31



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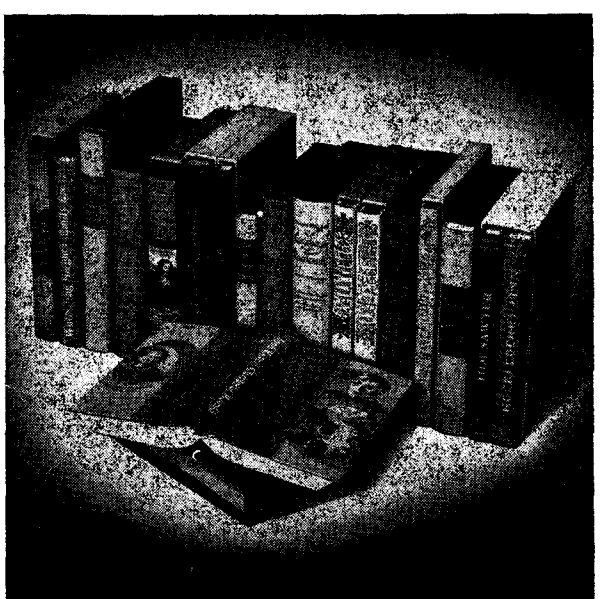

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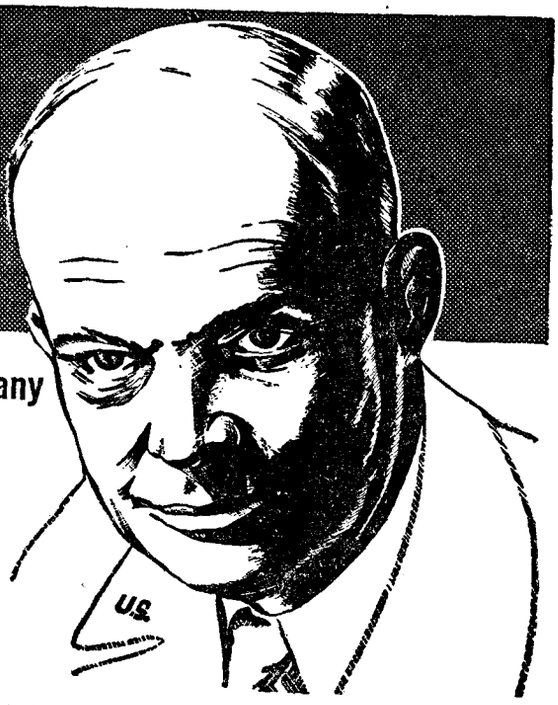

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